SONGS FOR THE

LITTLE CHILD

BAKER

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SONGS FOR THE LITTLE CHILD

VERSES
Composed and Adapted by
CLARA BELLE BAKER
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FOLK MELODIES
Harmonized by
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Teacher of School Music, National Kindergarten and Elementary College, Chicago

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INTRODUCTION

It is hoped that these Songs for the Little Child will be sung with joy by little children everywhere—in the home, in the church school, and in the week-day school. We believe that heretofore no songs have been available so completely within the understanding of the little child.

The tunes used in the book have been chosen from the most naïve and charming of the old folk songs. They have the simplicity and the beauty of melody which characterize folk music and make it especially suited for the little child's singing. They are drawn from many nationalities: American, French, English, Swedish, German, Bohemian, Irish, Danish, Dutch, Lithuanian, Welsh, Russian, Syrian, Finnish, Sicilian. The folk melody, being complete in itself, may easily be sung without accompaniment. An accompaniment, if added, should merely serve the melody. The harmonizations in this book are in keeping with the simplicity and delicacy of the tunes. The child who can read music will enjoy playing the songs as he sings them.

The songs are very short, as songs for the little child should be, but each one, we believe, is a bit of real verse. In most instances, the form follows that of the original folk song, with the same rhyme scheme, the same phrasing, and a like simplicity. The subjects include truly everything which surrounds the little child and makes his life interesting and joyous. The child's relationship to the world about him is continually stressed, and for this reason the book is especially adapted for religious education. The child scatters crumbs for the birds, and peanuts for the squirrels. He gives milk to Pussy, and bread to Bunny. He takes good care of Mother, and plays with Baby. He makes valentines in February, and whispers secrets at Christmas. Likewise all the world is serving his happiness. The robin helps with the garden. The bee makes honey. The carpenter builds houses. Thus at last is the child's heart filled with thankfulness, and he is ready to tell

"How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well."

We wish to acknowledge indebtedness to Miss Edna Dean Baker, whose complete understanding of the little child has been a continual inspiration in the growth of the songs. Many of them were written for the Beginners Book in Religion, of which Miss Baker is the author.

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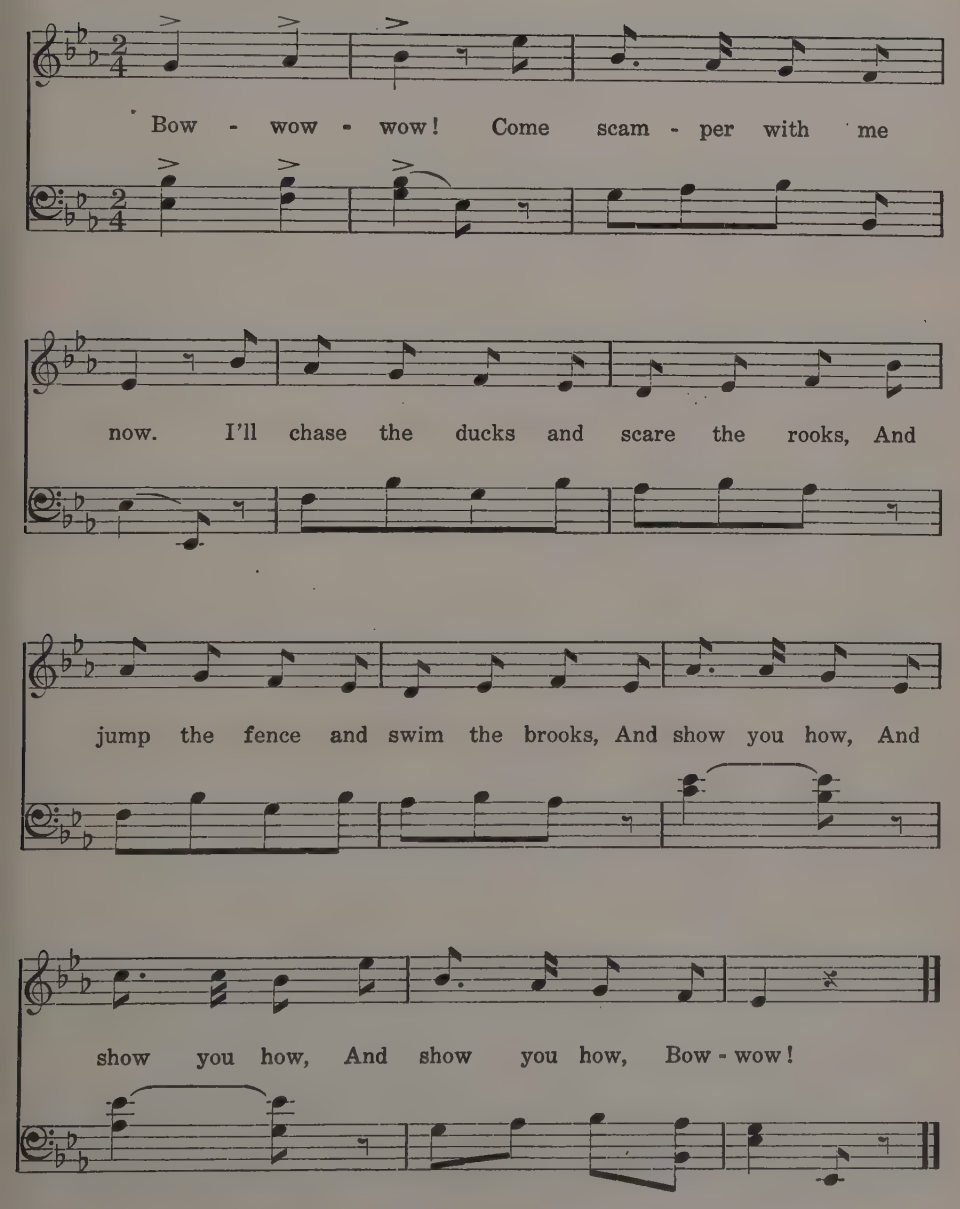
Note

All so-called "marks of expression" have been omitted. The words and tunes together should suggest both style and tempo. In general, it may be said that the songs should be sung lightly and with spontaneity.

OUR PETS

Bow-Wow-Wow

CLARA BELLE BAKER



Pretty Pussy

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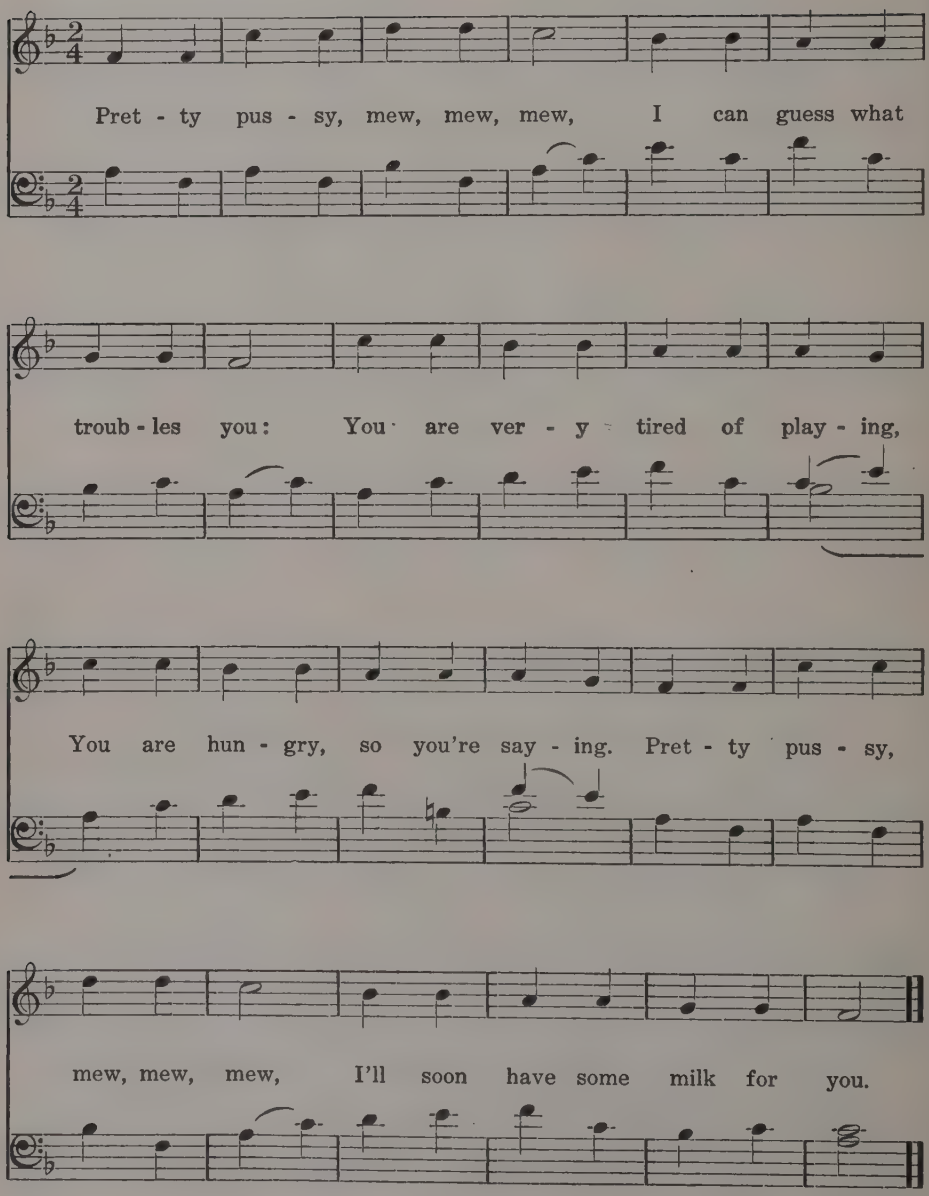

The Bunny

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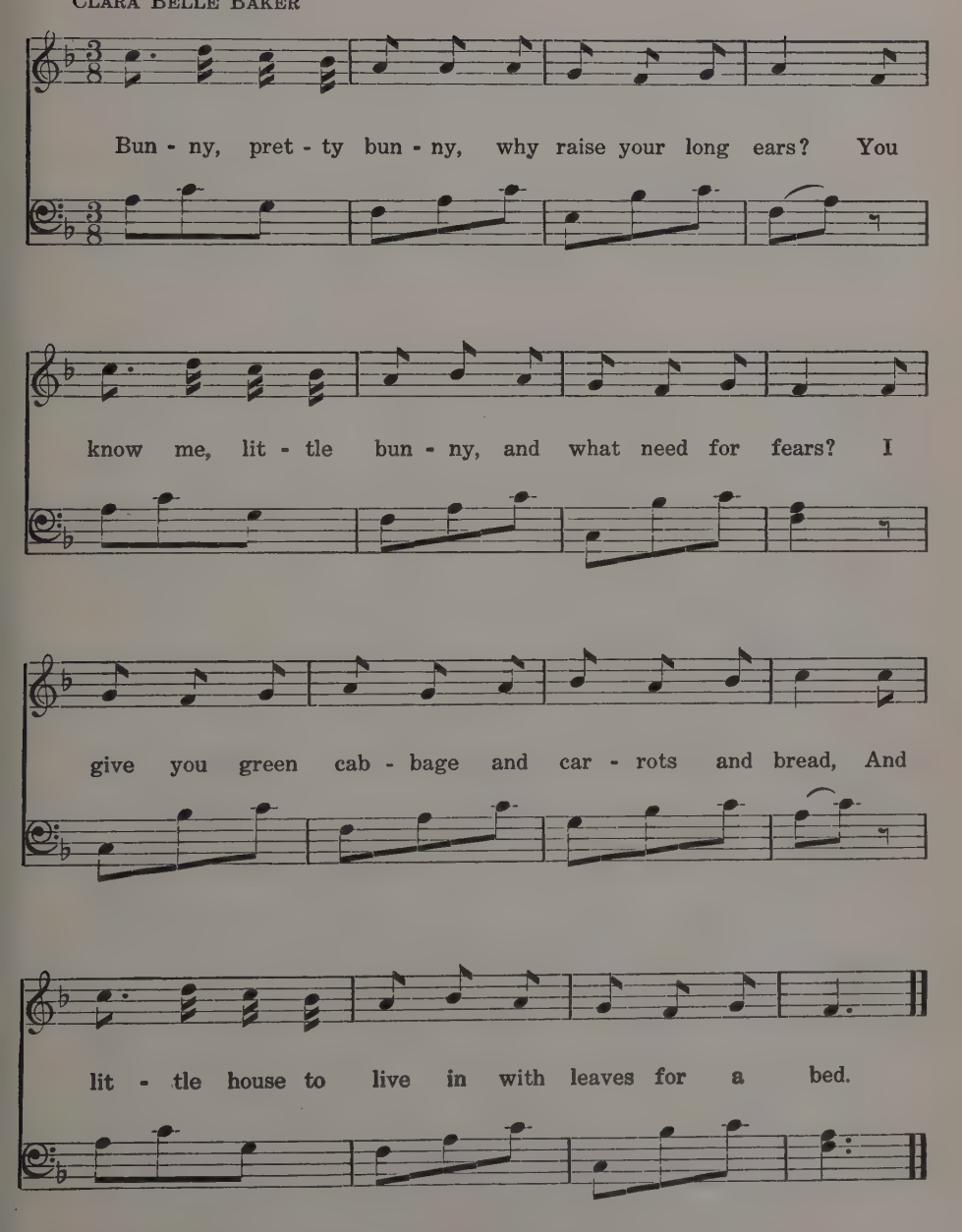

Gold Fish

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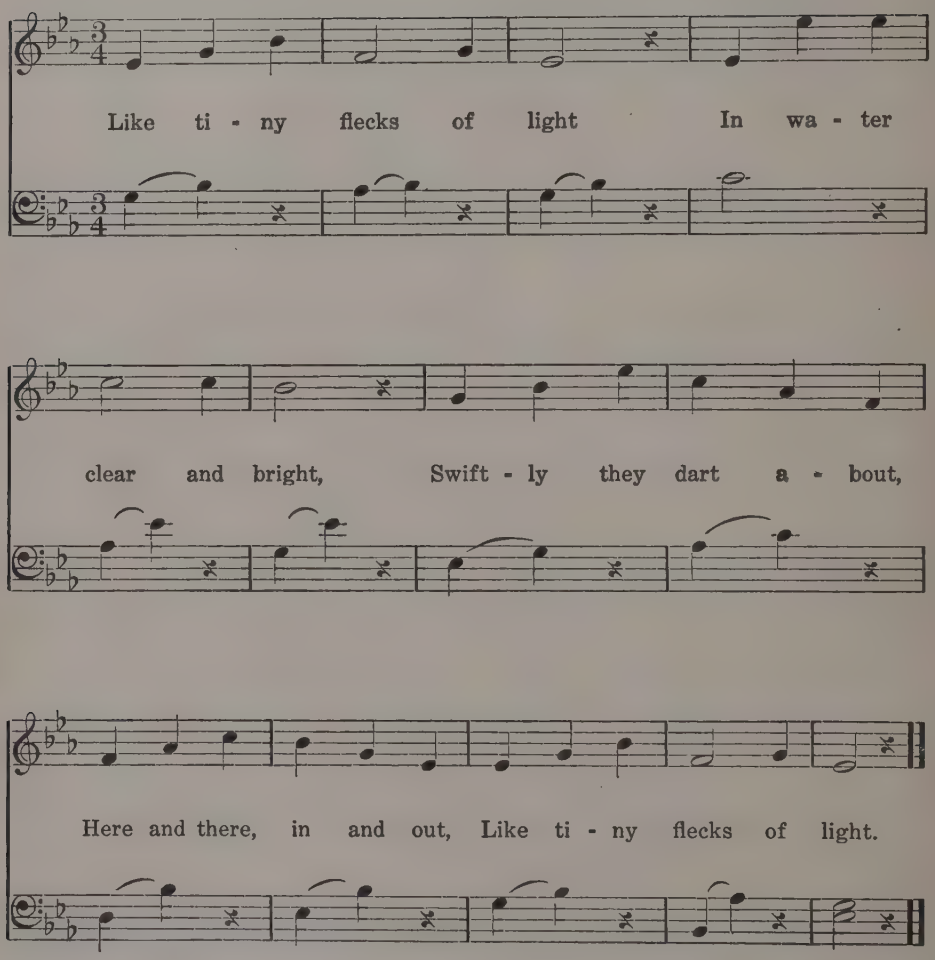

Little Chickens

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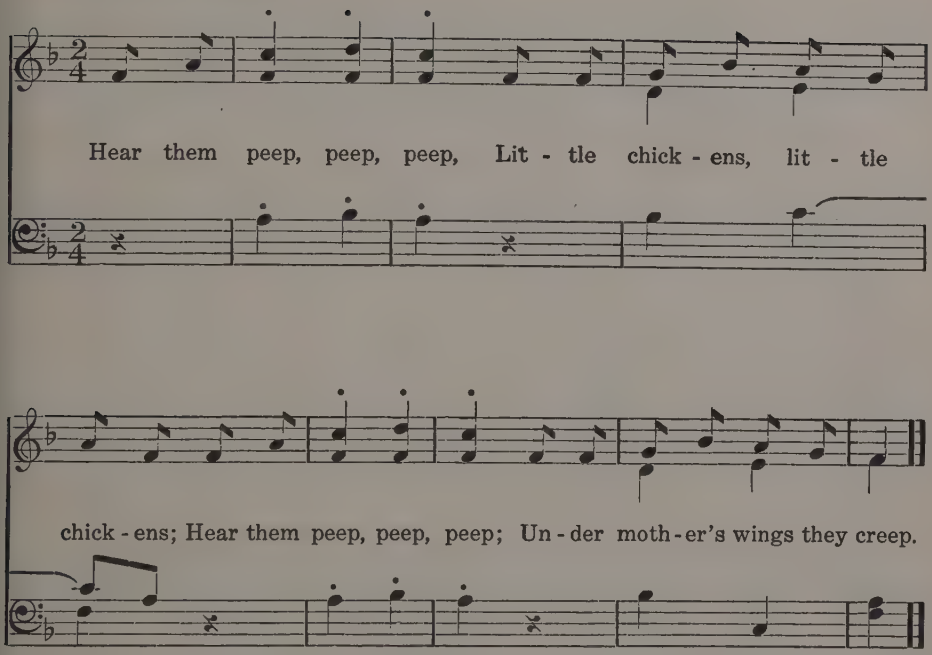


Snow Birds

Hear them tweet, tweet, tweet,
Little snow birds, little snow birds;
Hear them tweet, tweet, tweet;
Let us throw them crumbs to eat.

The Pony

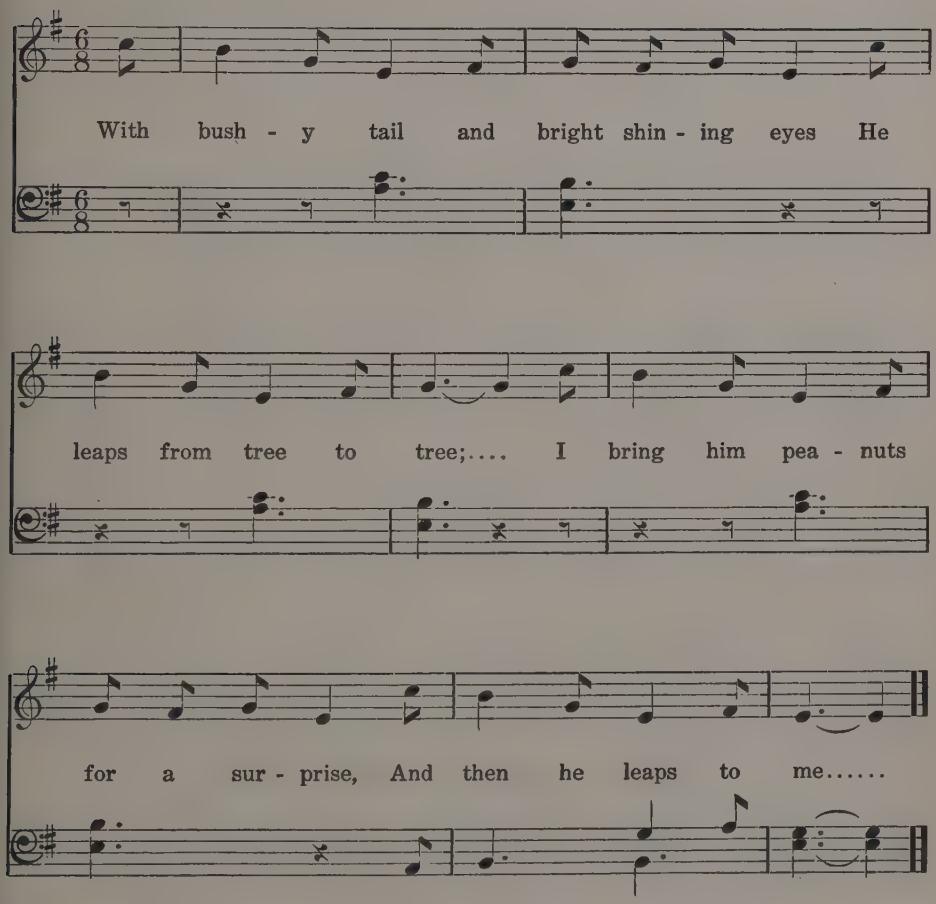
CLARA BELLE BAKER

Ride with me, my mas - ter, In the sun - ny wea - ther;

Down the hill and up a - gain We will go to - geth - er.

The Squirrel

CLARA BELLE BAKER



Lambkins and Shepherd

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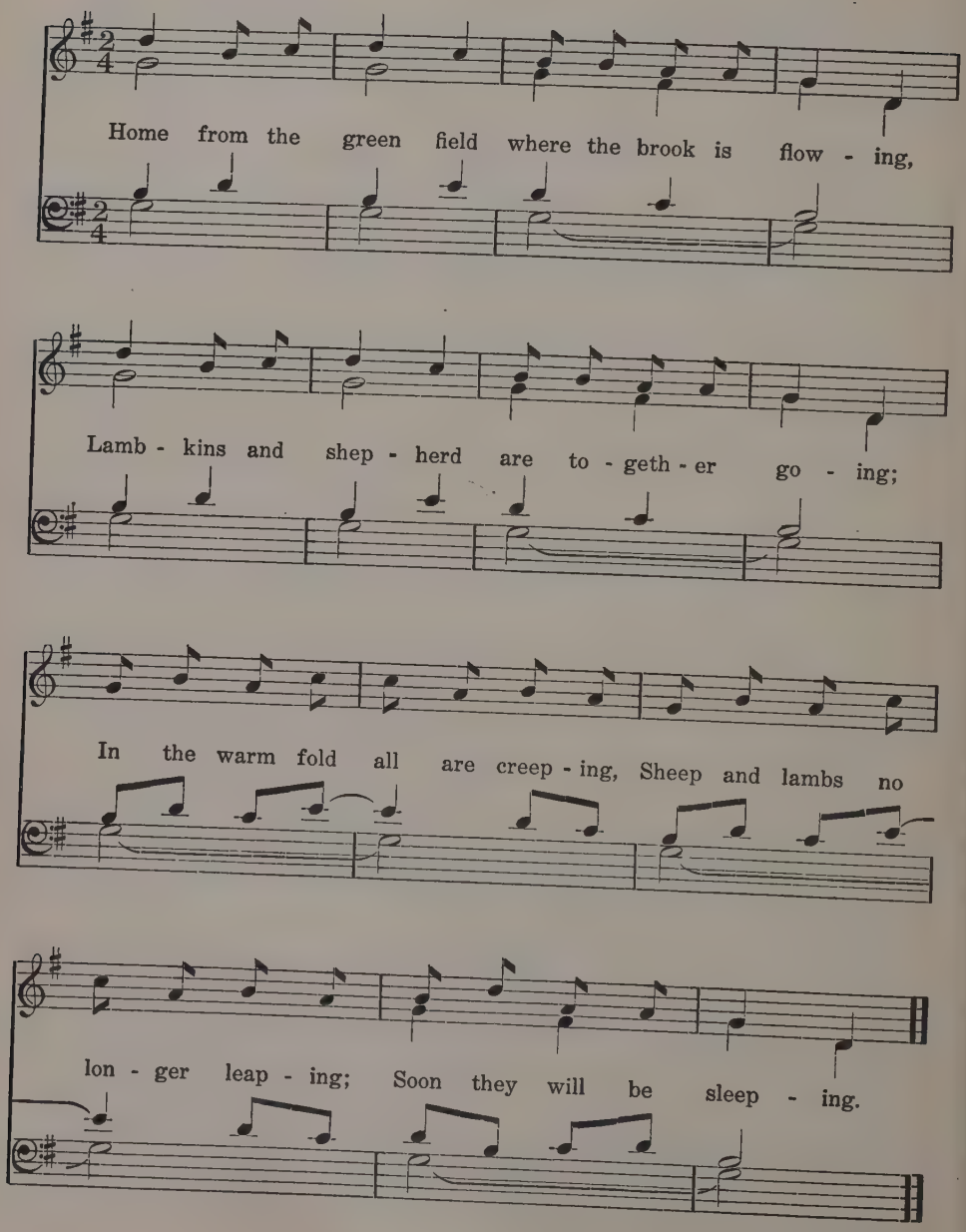

BIRDS, BEES AND BUTTERFLIES

Sing, Bluebird, Sing

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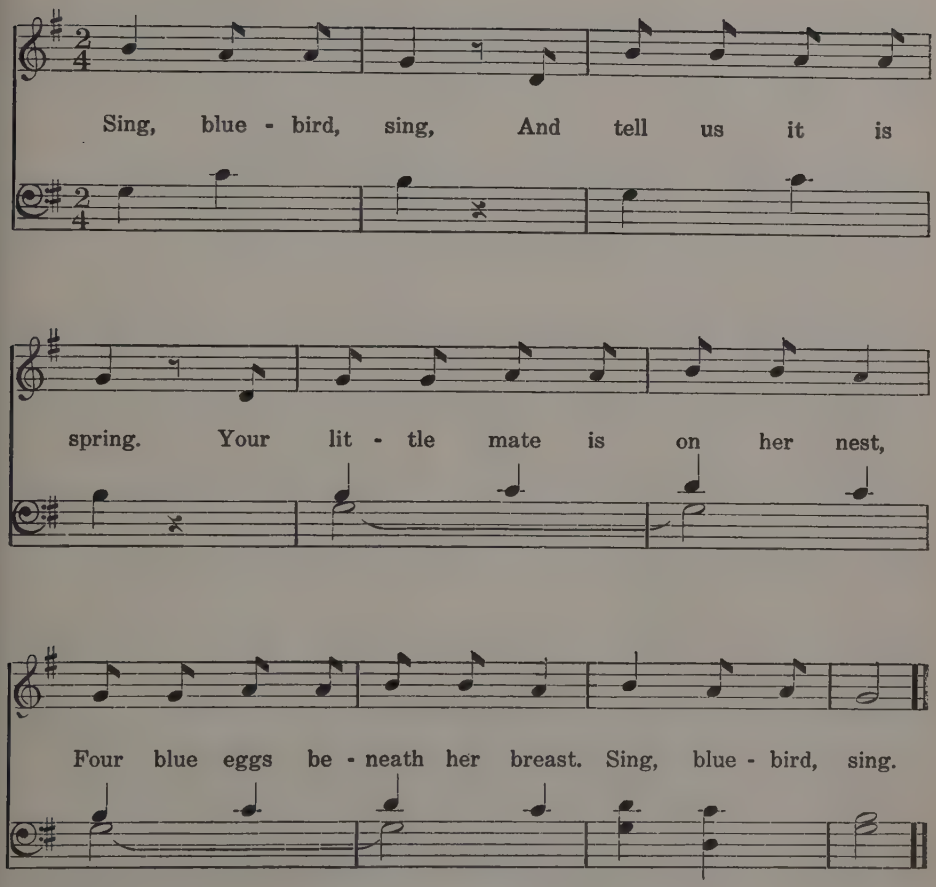
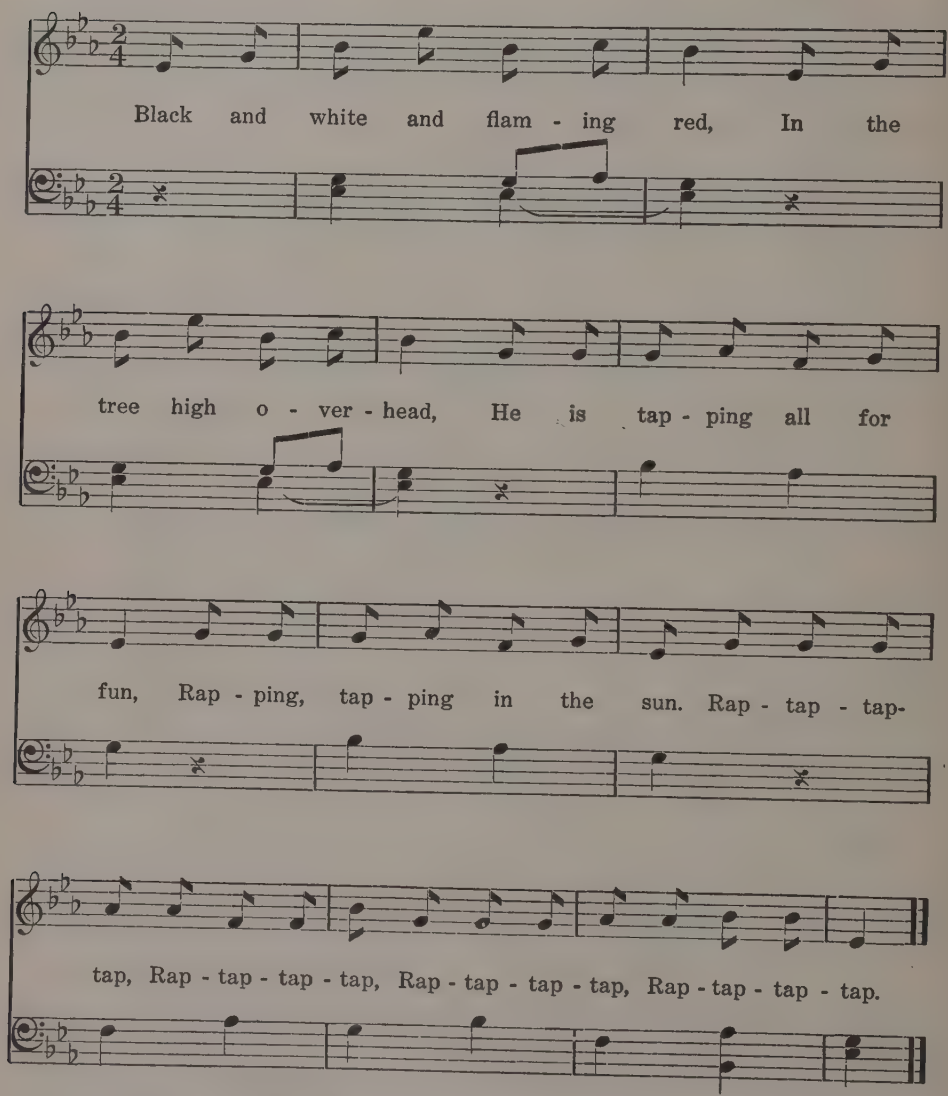


The Woodpecker

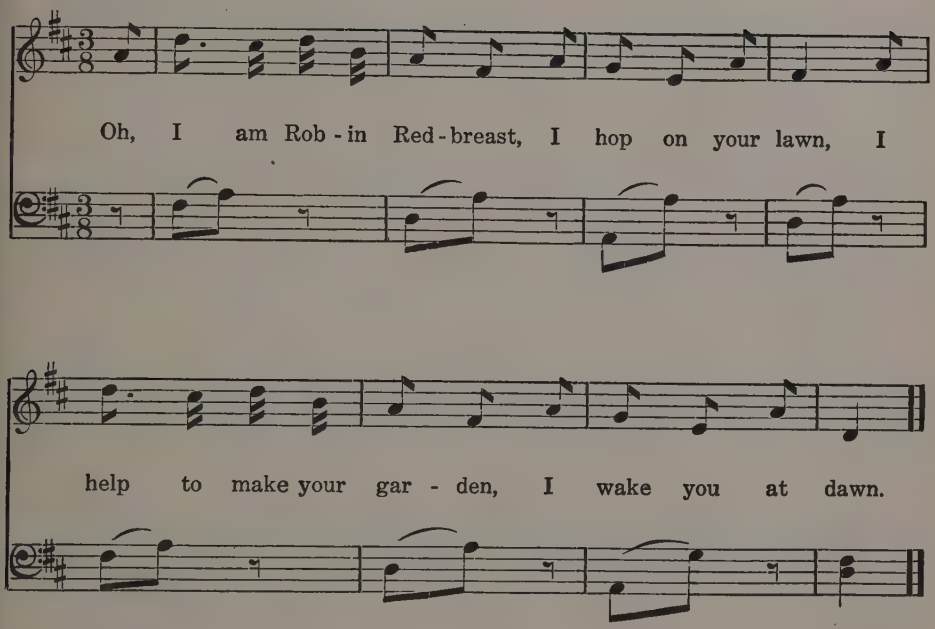
CLARA BELLE BAKER



NOTE.—The woodpecker raps for four purposes: to make a home, to make a storehouse for nuts, to find insects, and to amuse himself. He is sometimes seen drumming on a resonant dead limb or a piece of tin roofing, solely "for fun."

Robin Redbreast

CLARA BELLE BAKER



The Canary

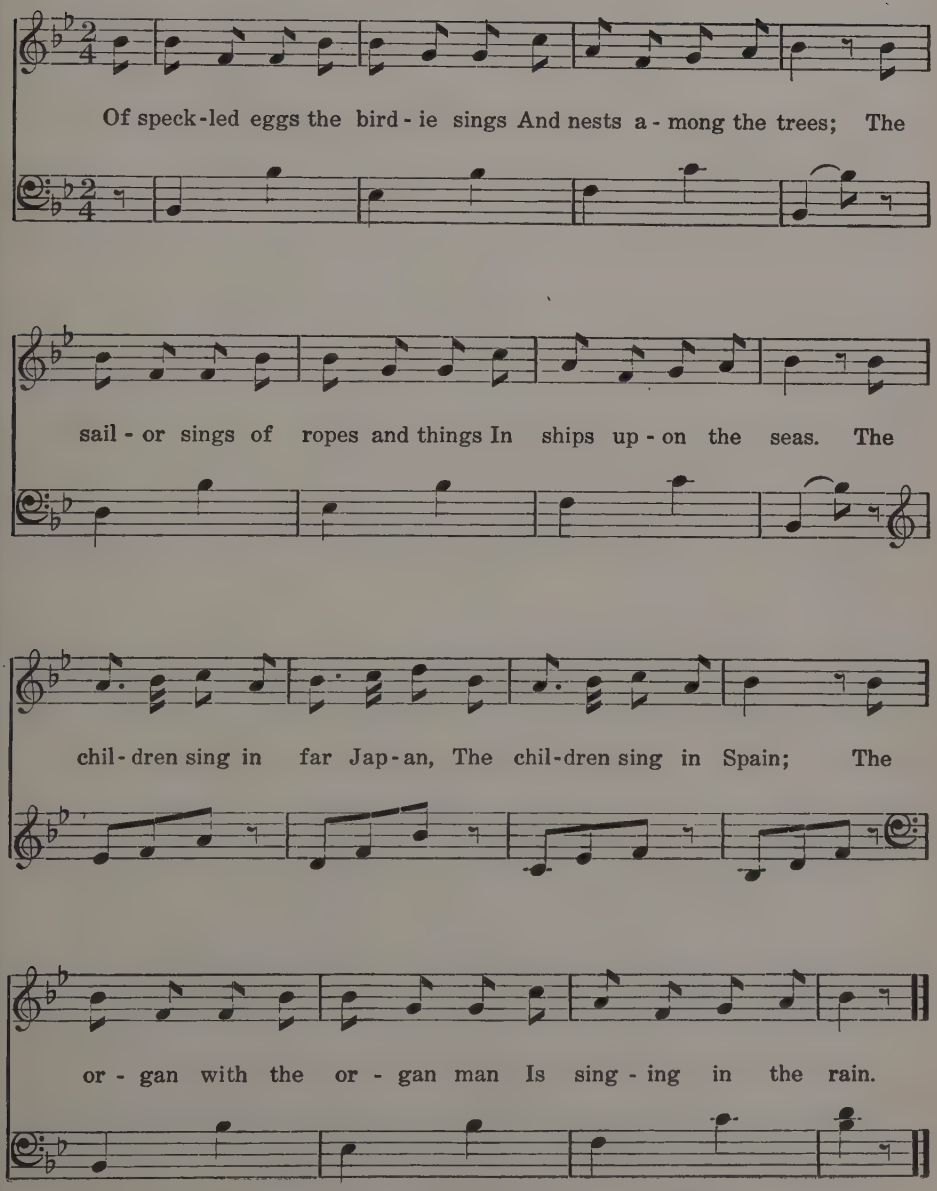
CLARA BELLE BAKER

I'm glad to see you here, Chee-ree-ree-cheer! Chee-ree-ree-cheer!

I'm glad to see you here; I like to have you near....

Singing

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



The Bee

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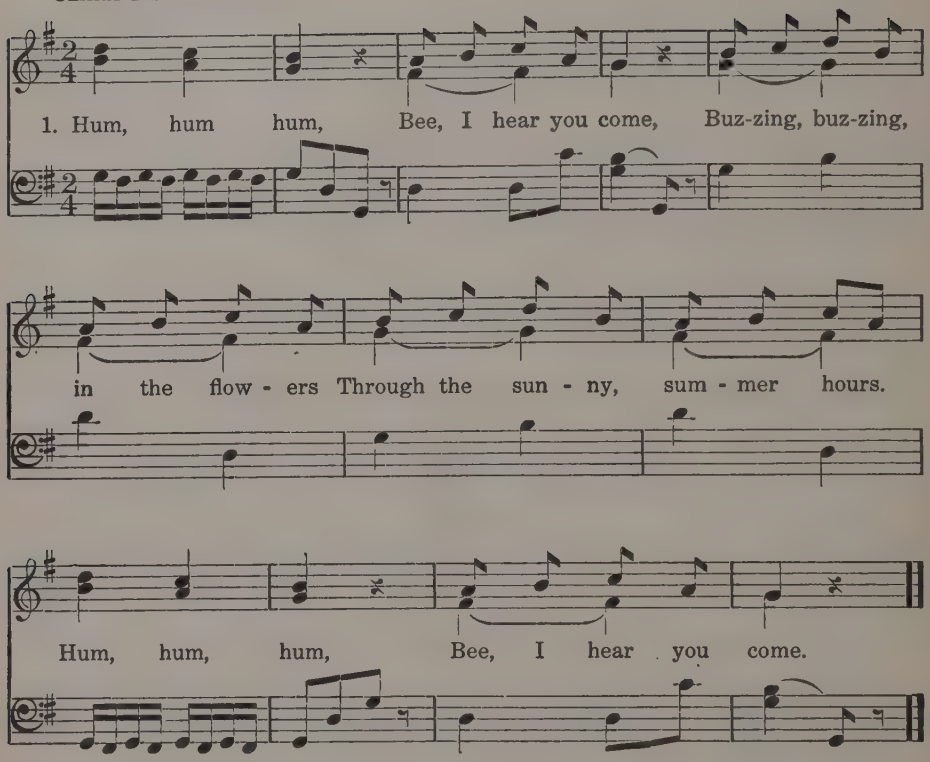
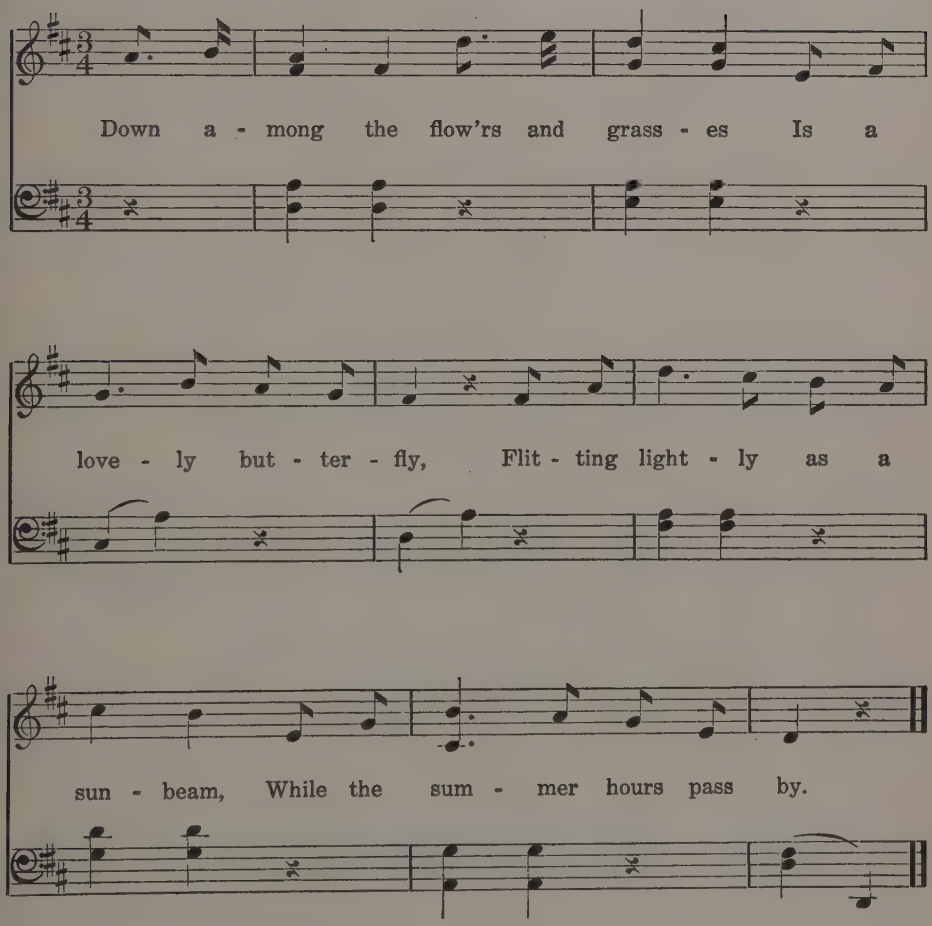


2 Hum, hum, hum,
Bee, I see you come,
Bearing sweets that you have stolen,
Sac of honey, bags of pollen.
Hum, hum, hum,
Bee, I see you come.

3 Hum, hum, hum,
Bee, you still may come;
For the honey that you gather
I will eat with bread and butter.
Hum, hum, hum,
Bee, you still may come.

The Butterfly

CLARA BELLE BAKER



FLOWERS AND LEAVES

Dandelions

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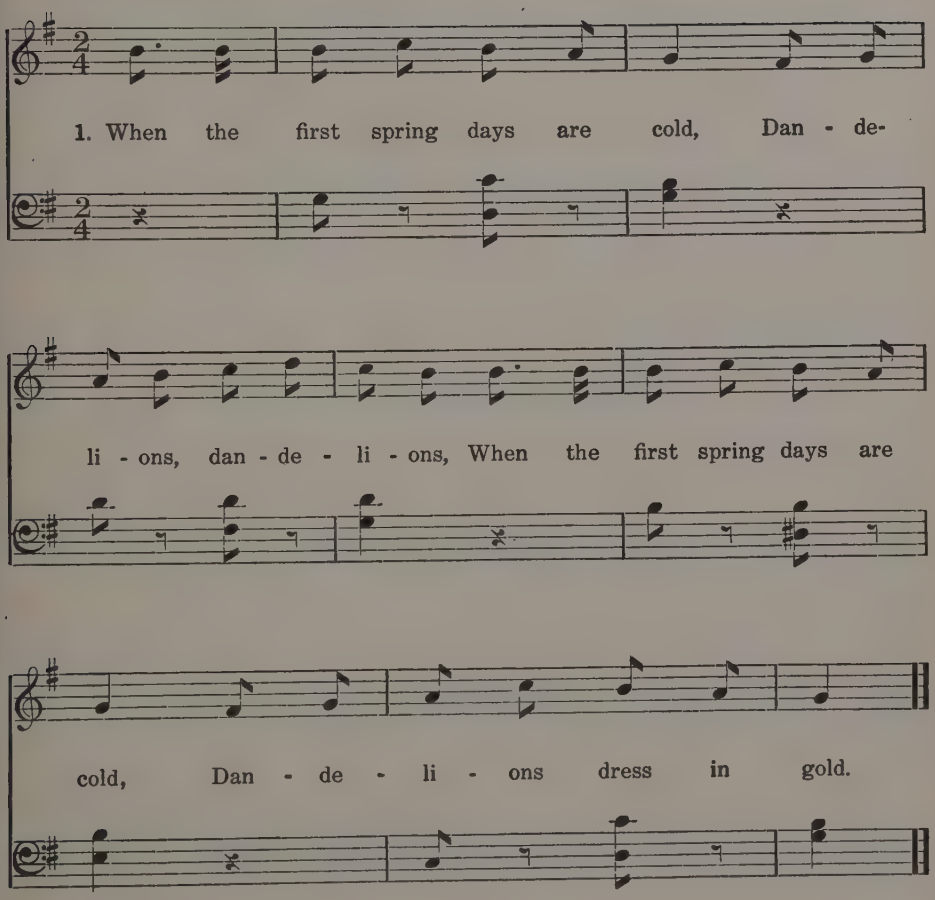
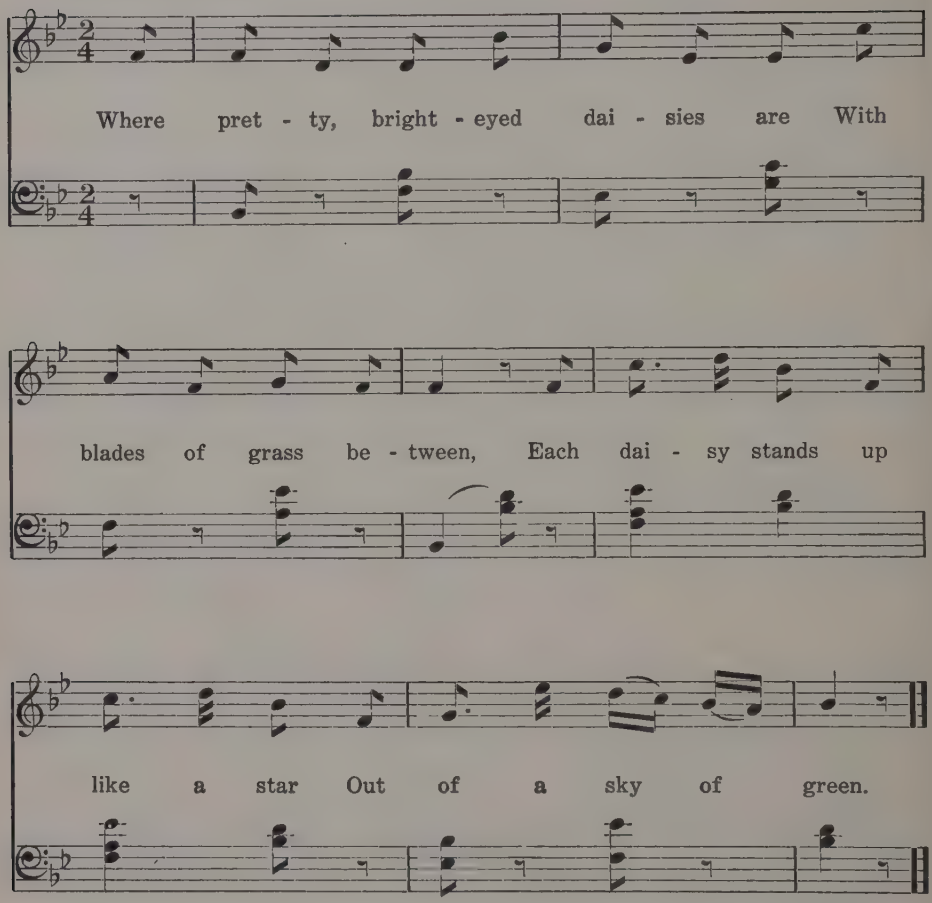


2 When the summer days are bright,
Dandelions, dandelions,
When the summer days are bright,
Dandelions dress in white.

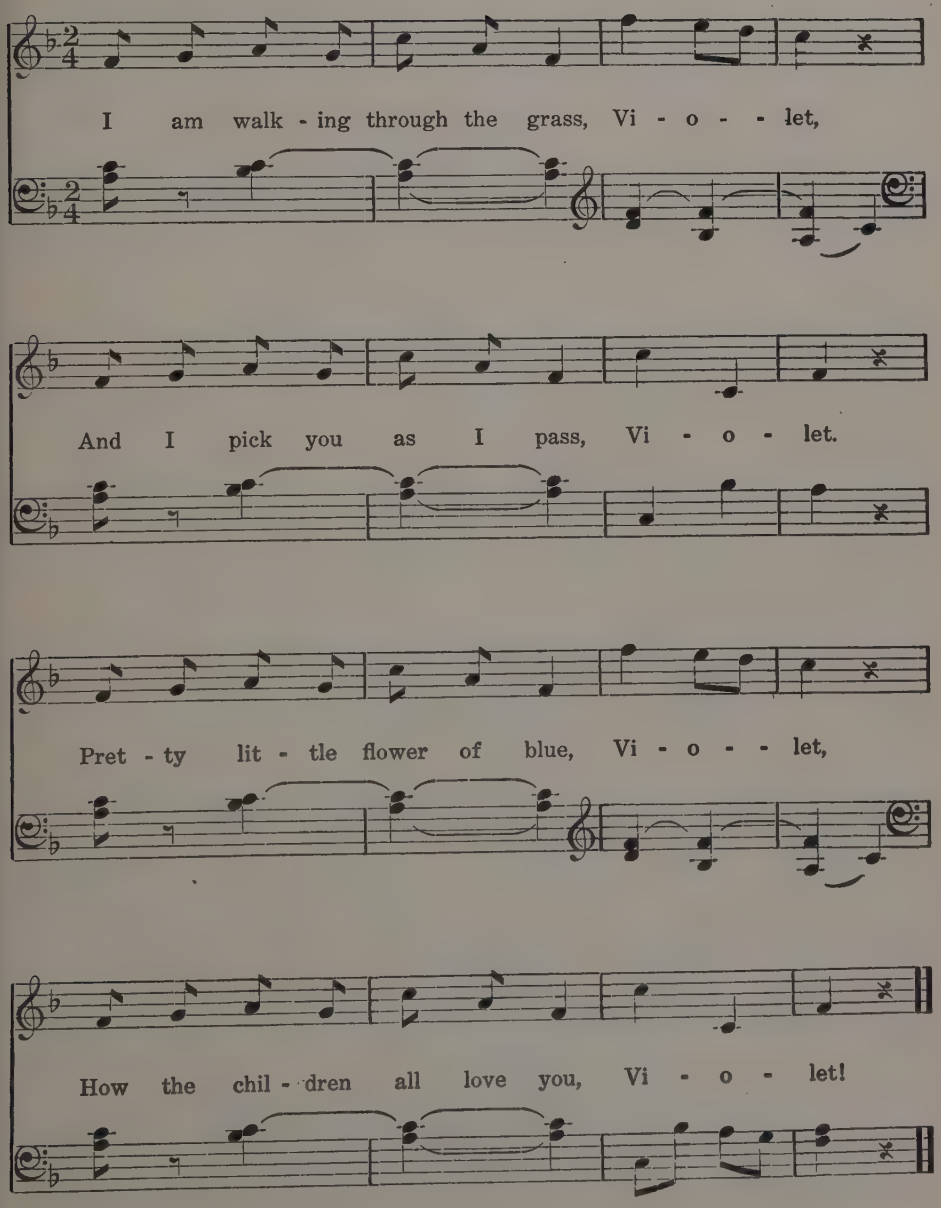
Bright-Eyed Daisies

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI



Violet

Clara Belle Baker



Pussy Willow

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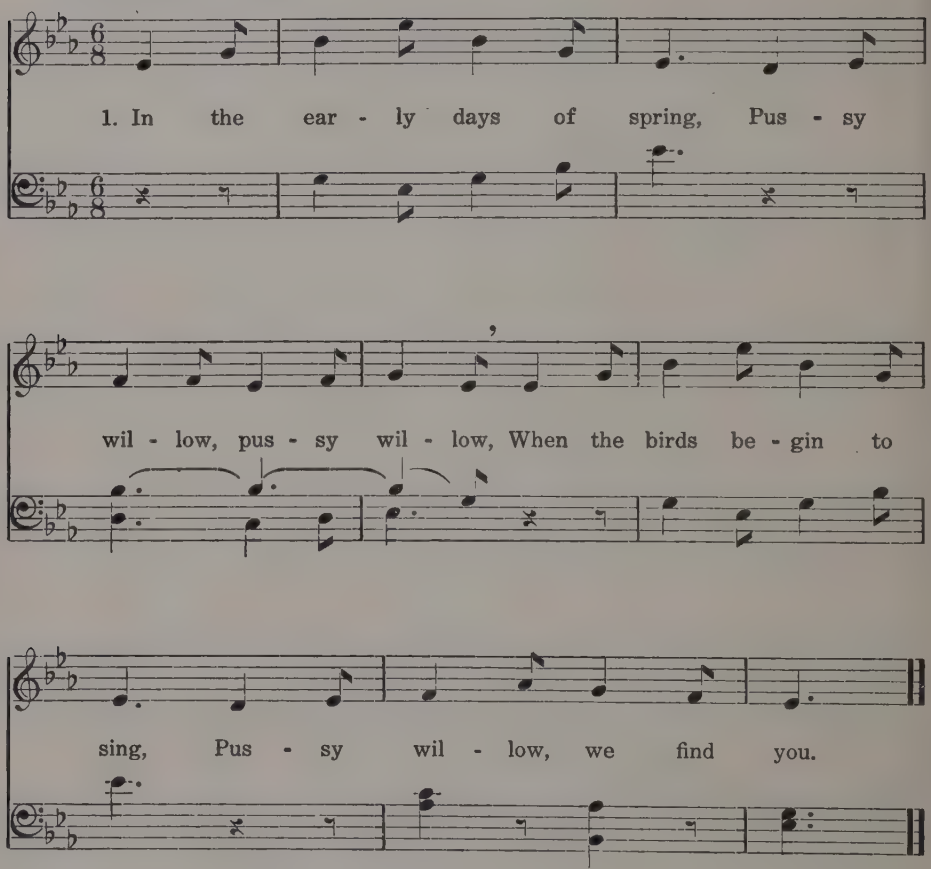
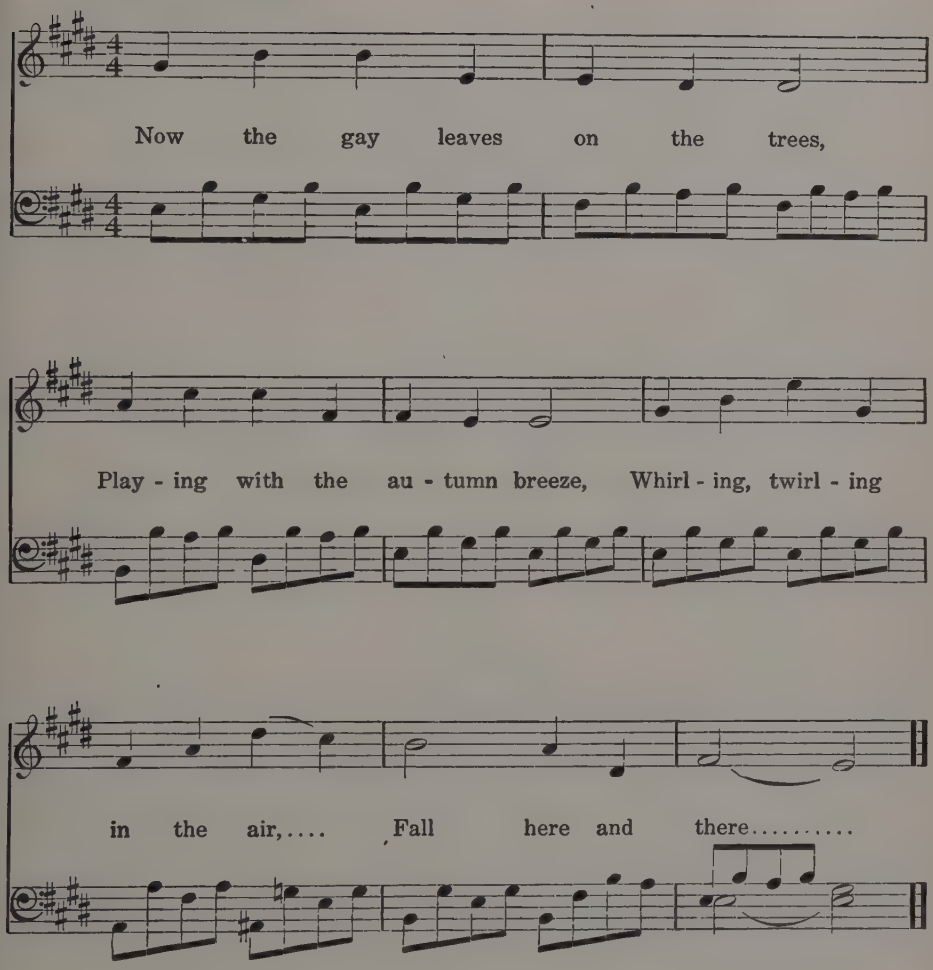


2 And you wear a velvet gown,
Pussy willow, pussy willow,
That is soft as eider down.
Pussy willow, we love you.

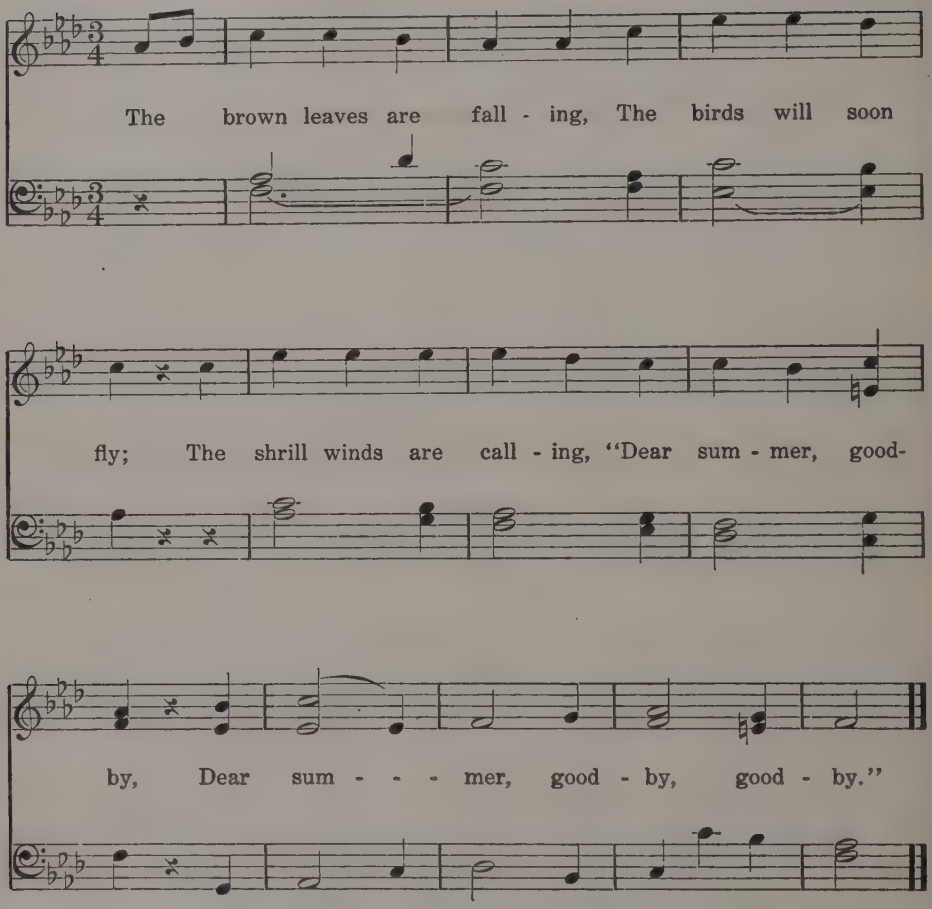
Gay Leaves

Clara Belle Baker



Brown Leaves

CLARA BELLE BAKER



Seeds Fall

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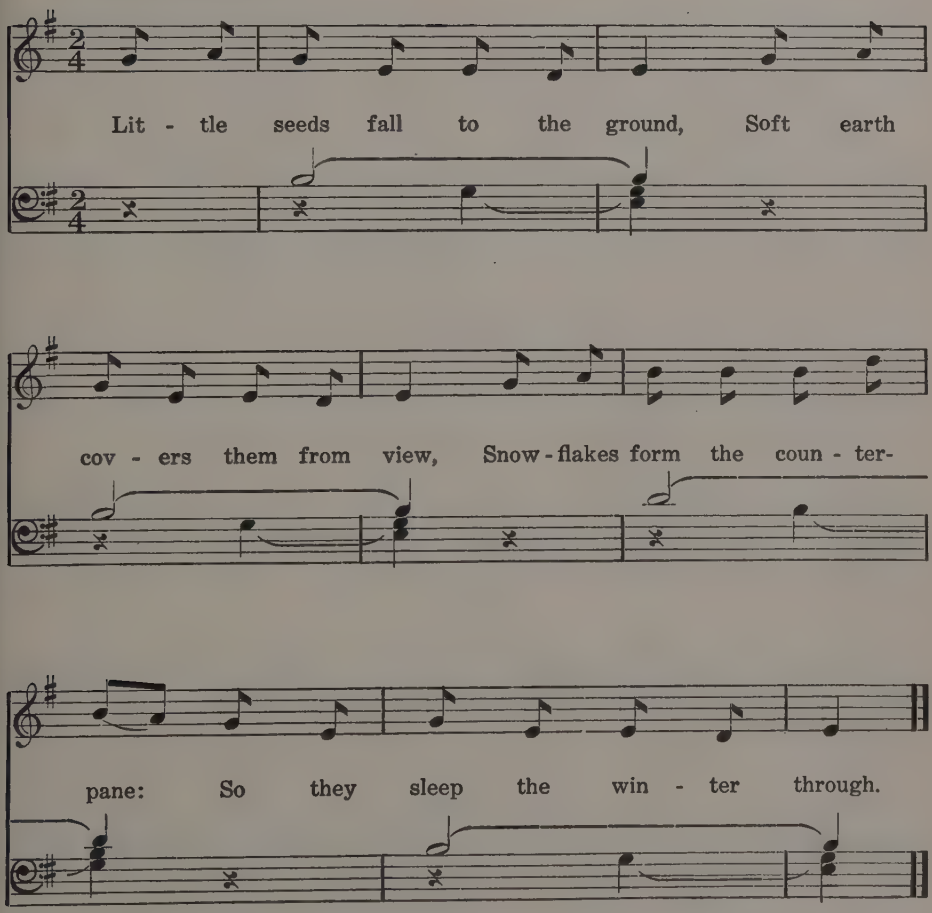

The Orchard

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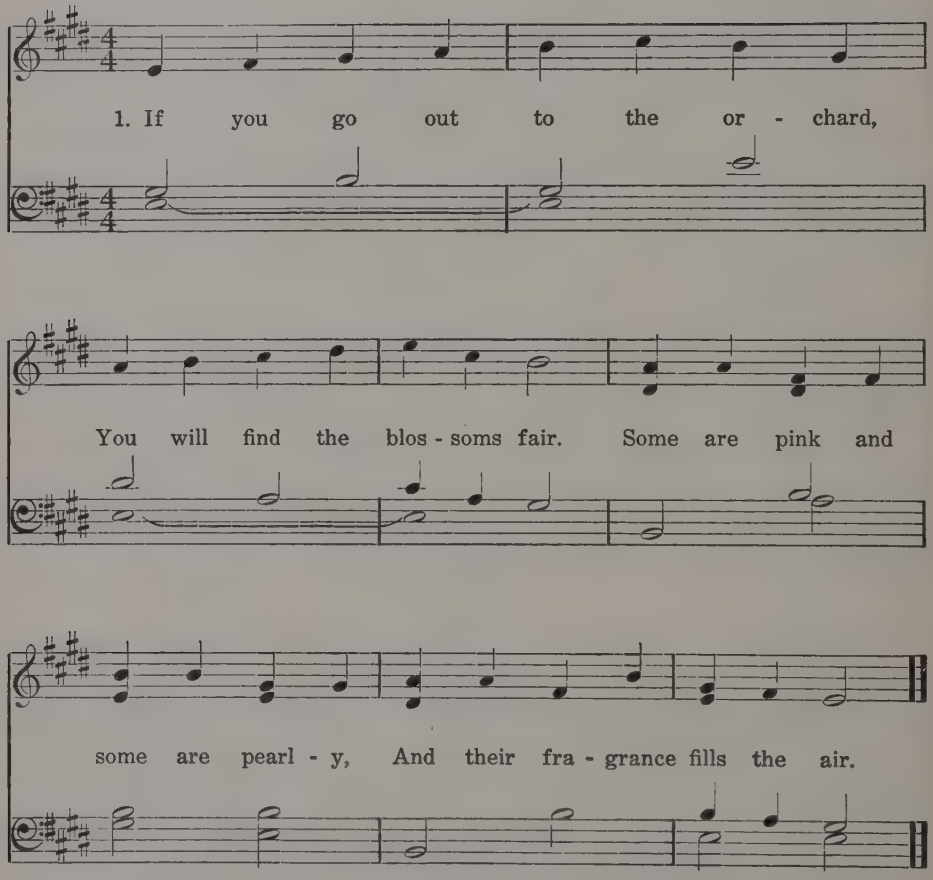
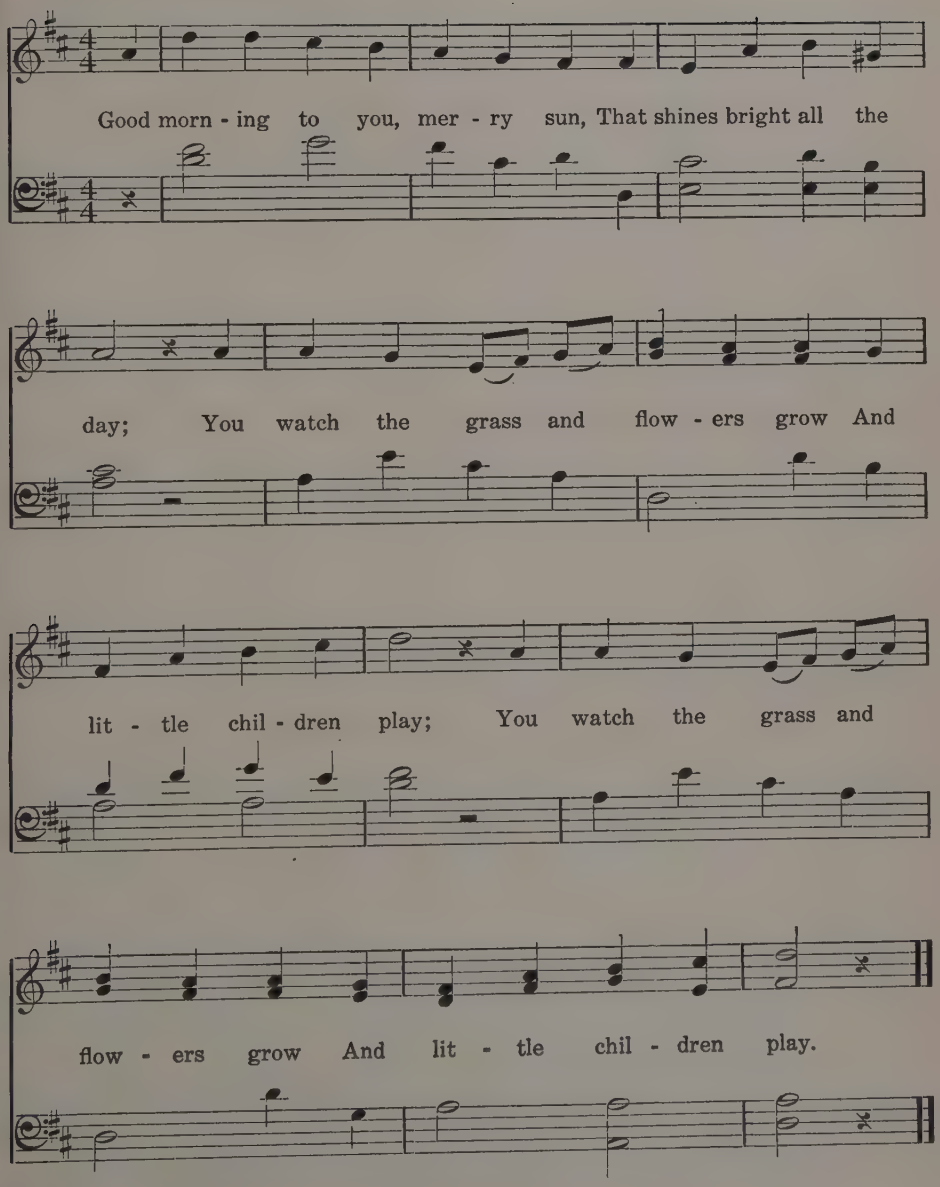


2 If you go out to the orchard,
You will find the apples sweet.
Some are red, and some are yellow;
All are very good to eat.

WIND AND WEATHER

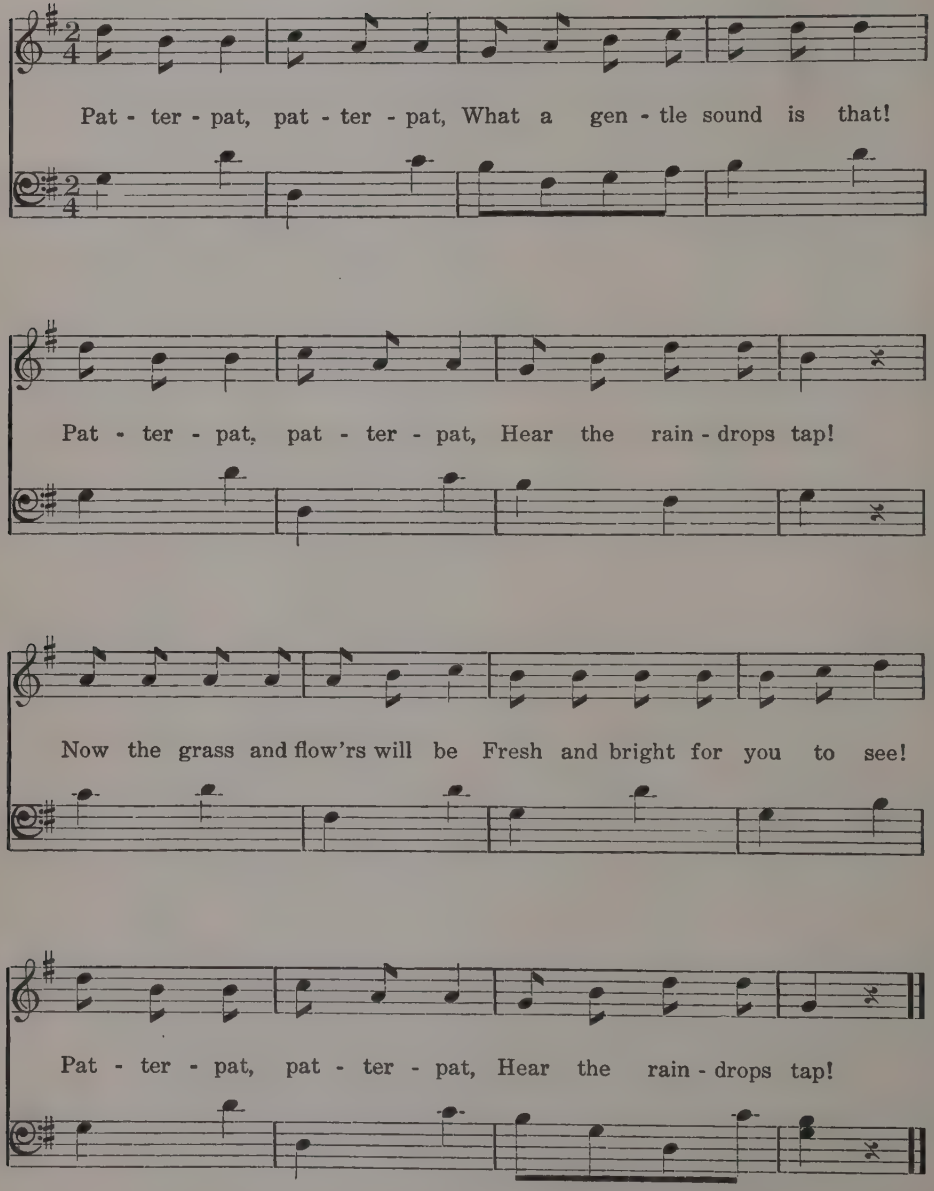
The Sun

CLARA BELLE BAKER



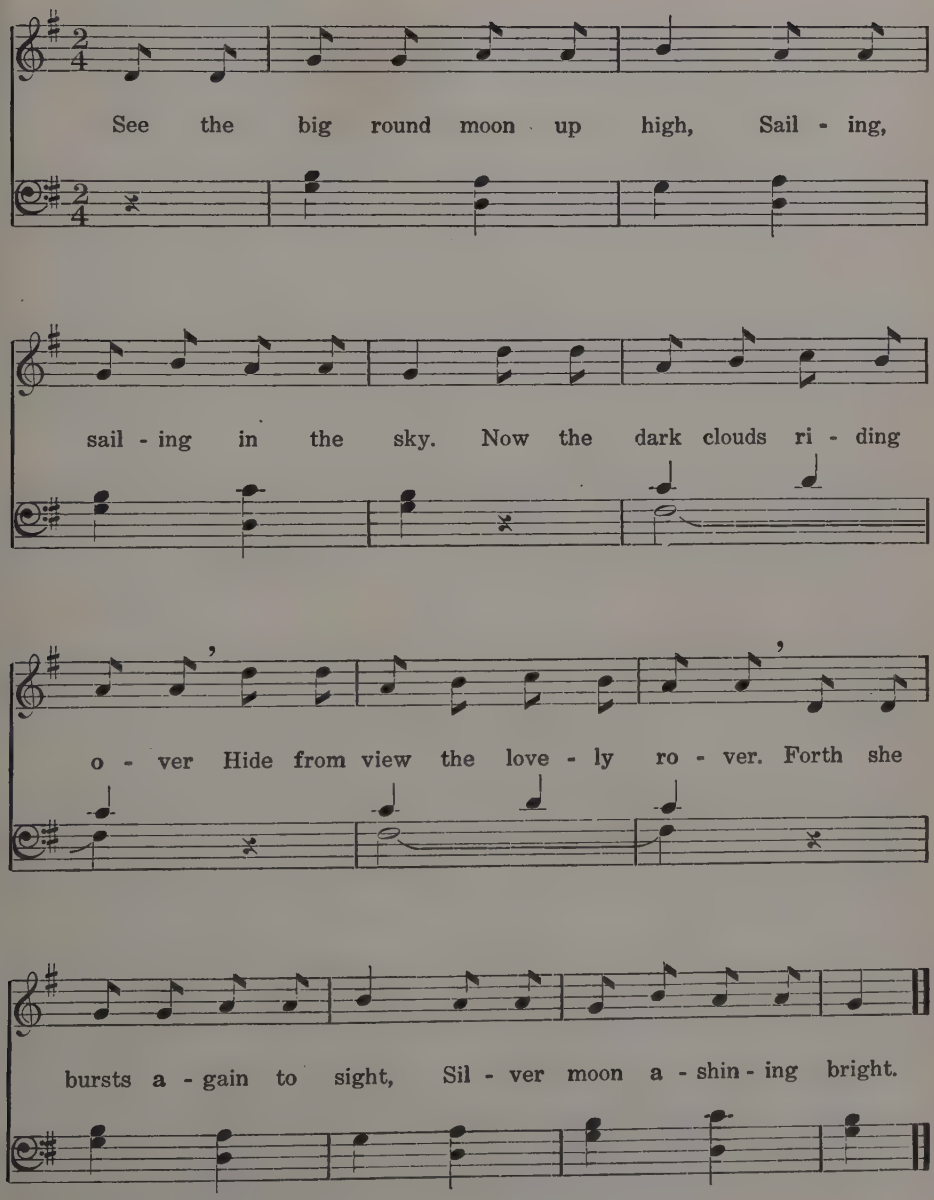
Raindrops

CLARA BELLE BAKER

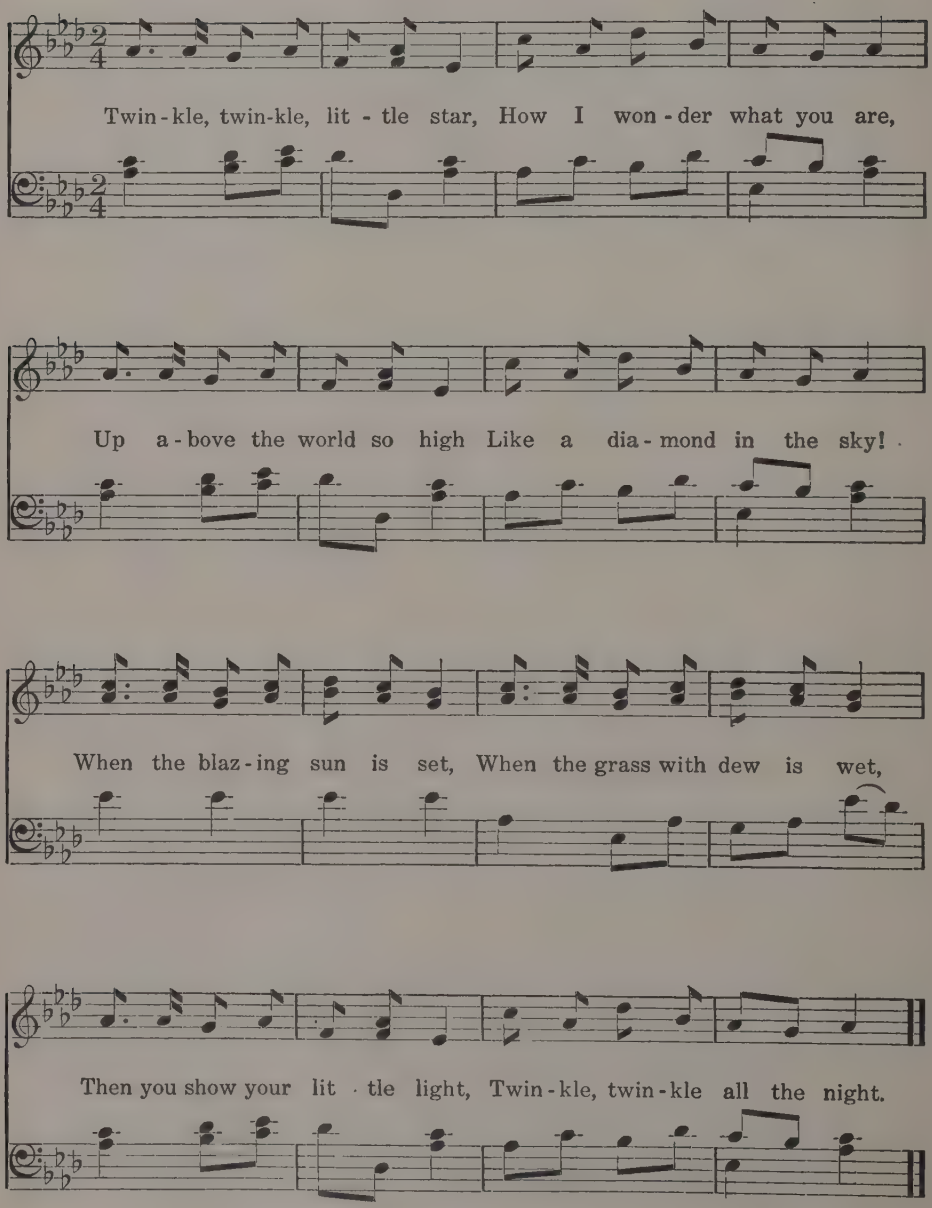


Moon and Clouds

Clara Belle Baker

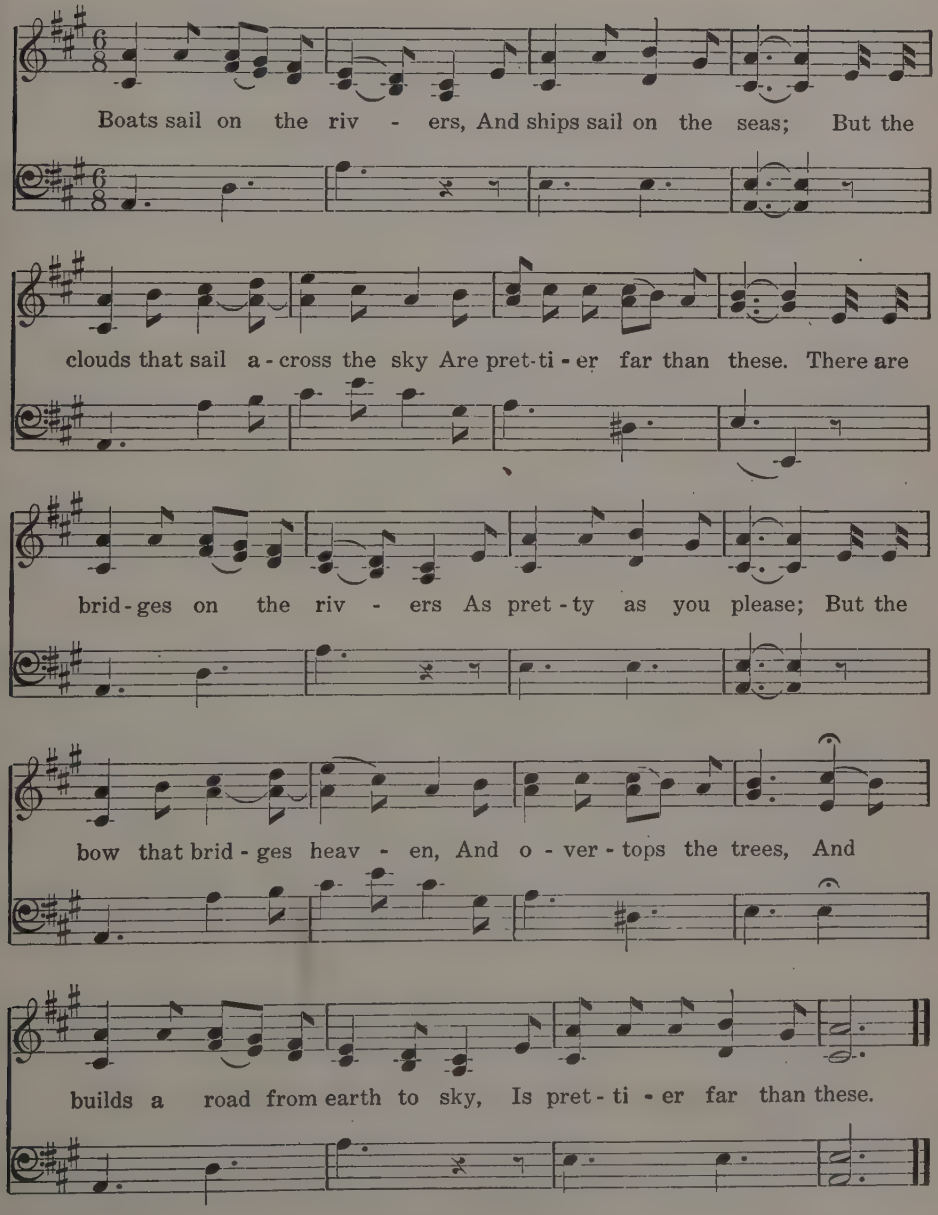


Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star



The Rainbow

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI



The Wild Wind

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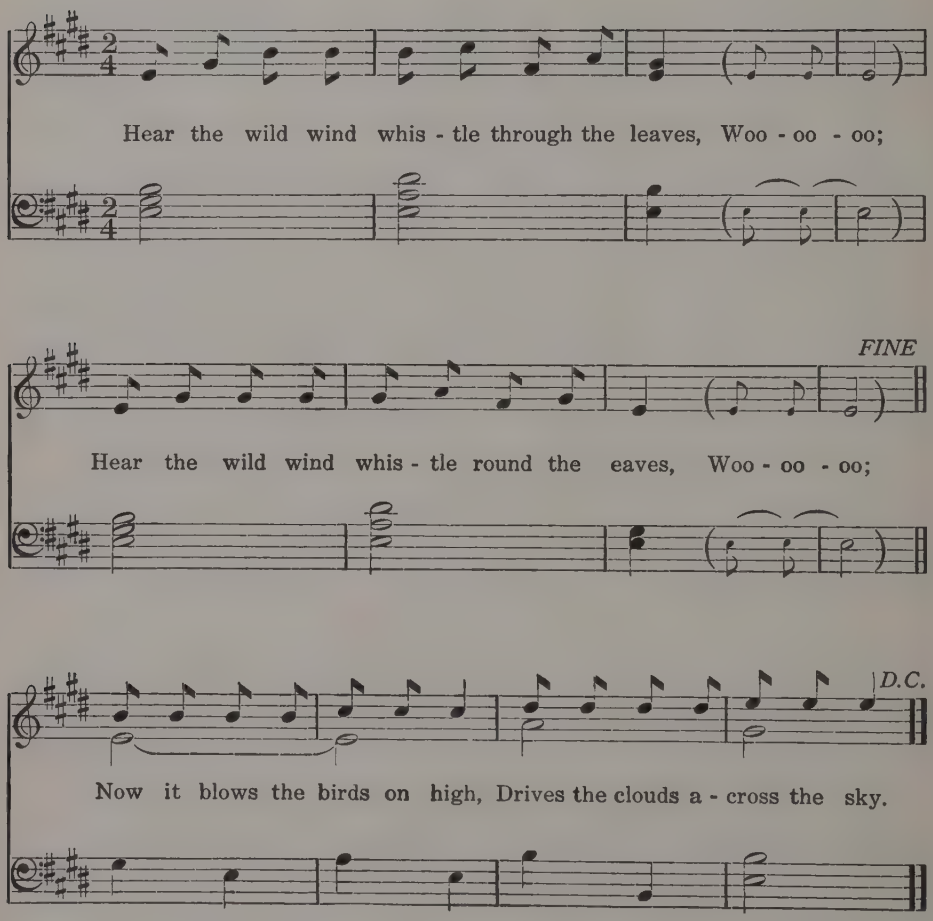
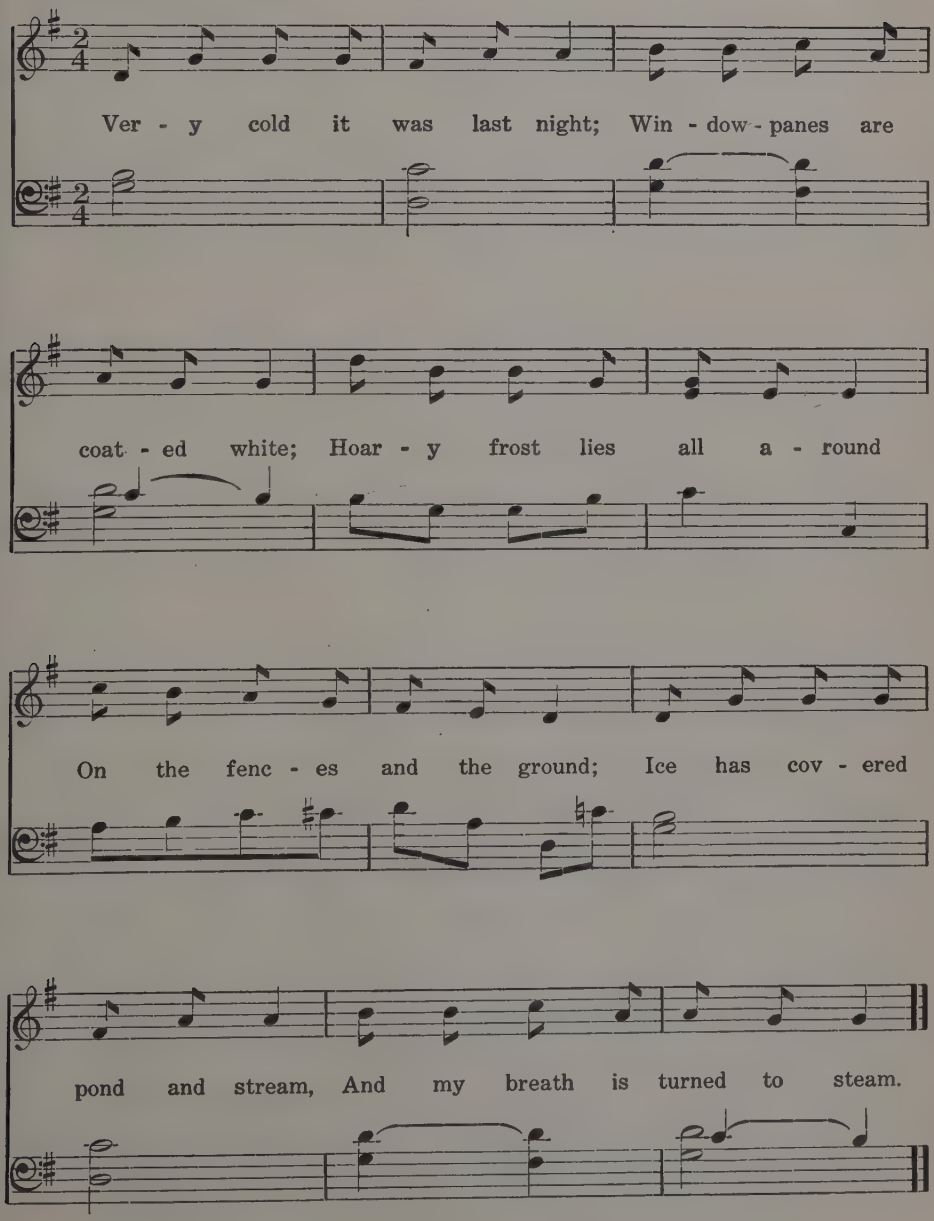


Cold Nights

Clara Belle Baker



Jacky Frost

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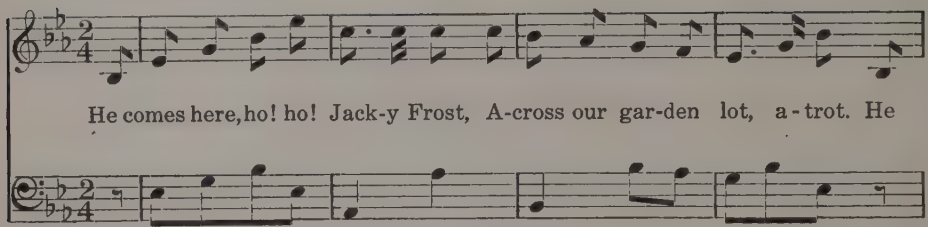

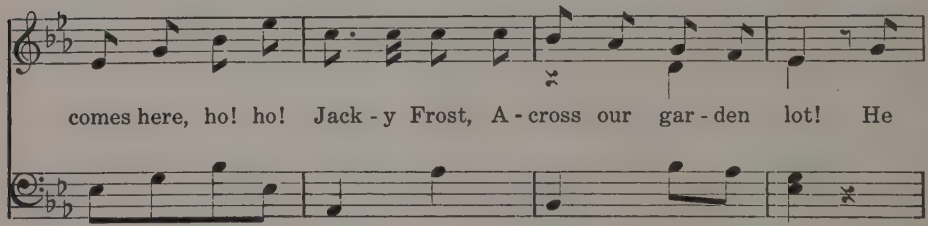

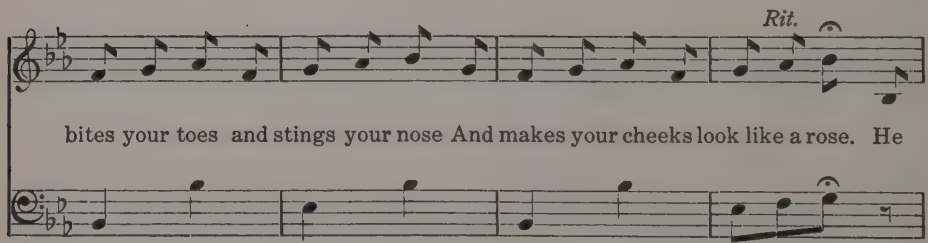

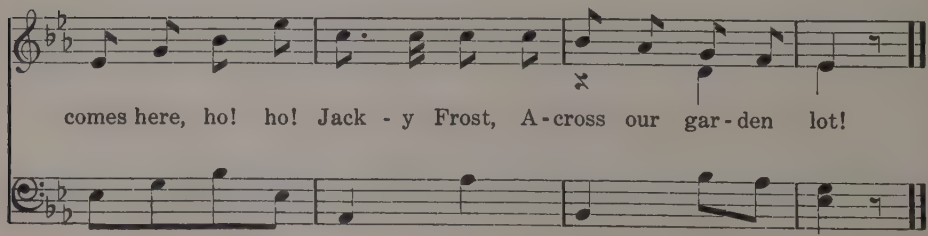

Snowflakes

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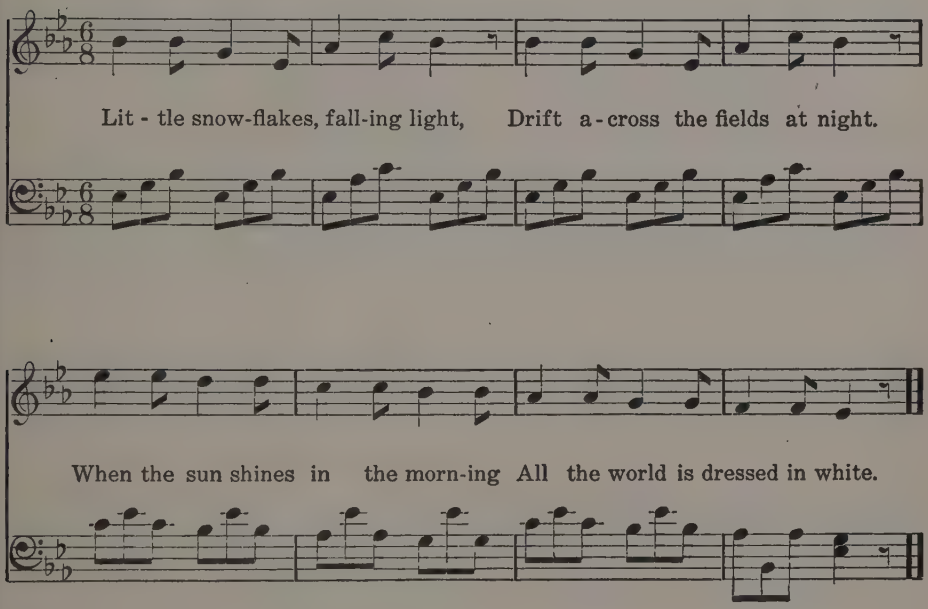
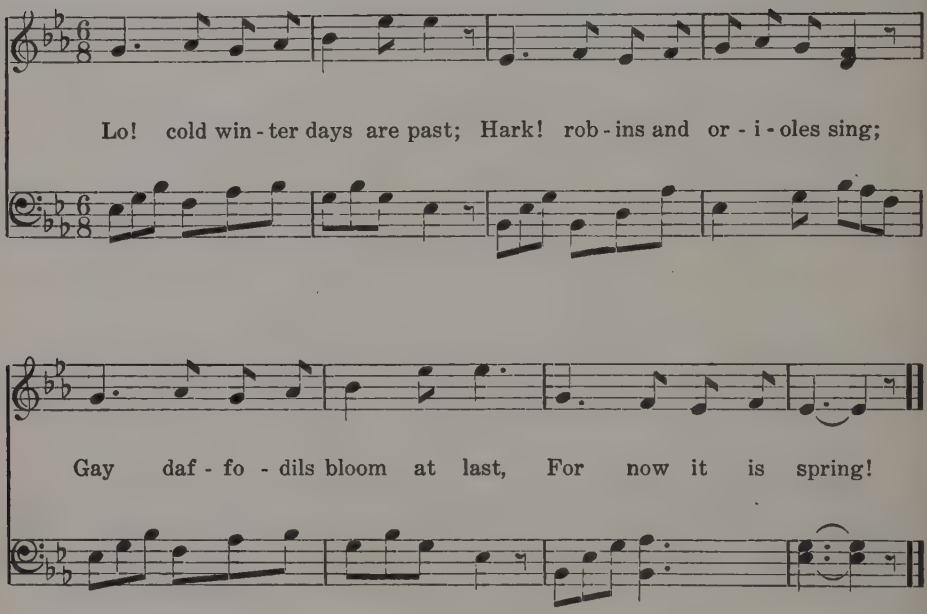


Now It Is Spring

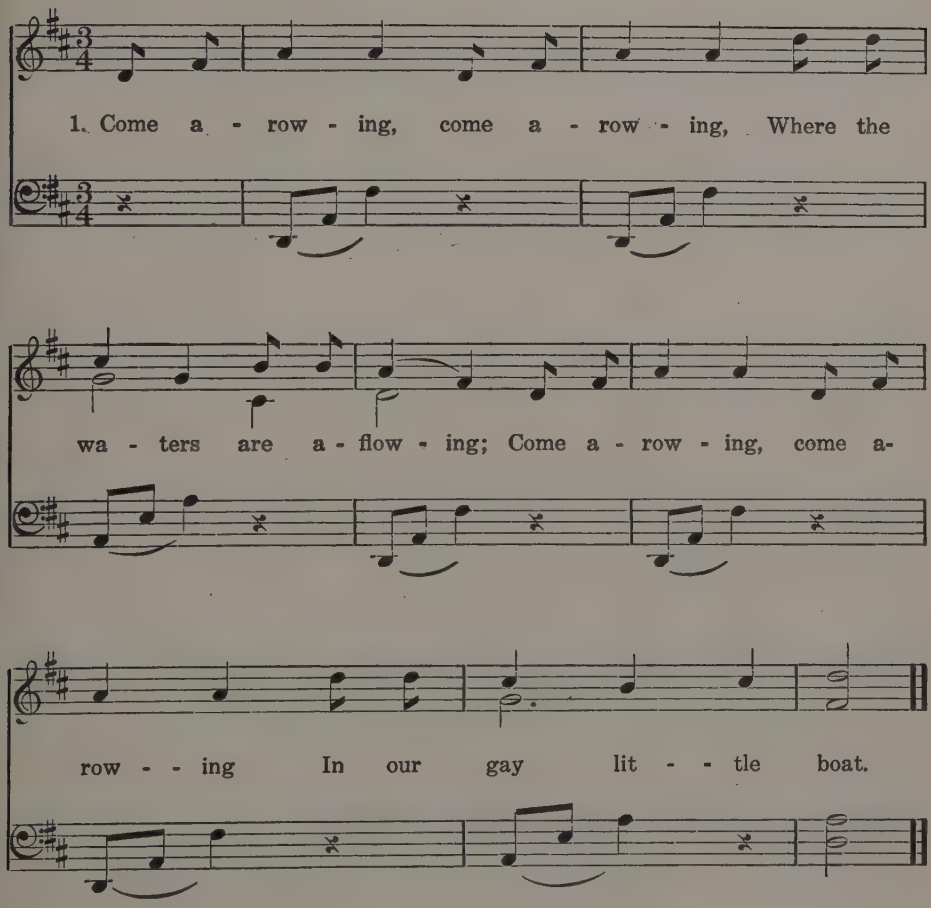
EDNA DEAN BAKER



TRAVEL AND TRADE

Come A-Rowing

CLARA BELLE BAKER



2 Come a-rowing, come a-rowing,
Where the lilies are a-blowing;
Come a-rowing, come a-rowing;
In the shadows we'll float.

The Aeroplane

CLARA BELLE BAKER

WECKERLIN

Most won - der - ful of ves - sels That sails a - cross the

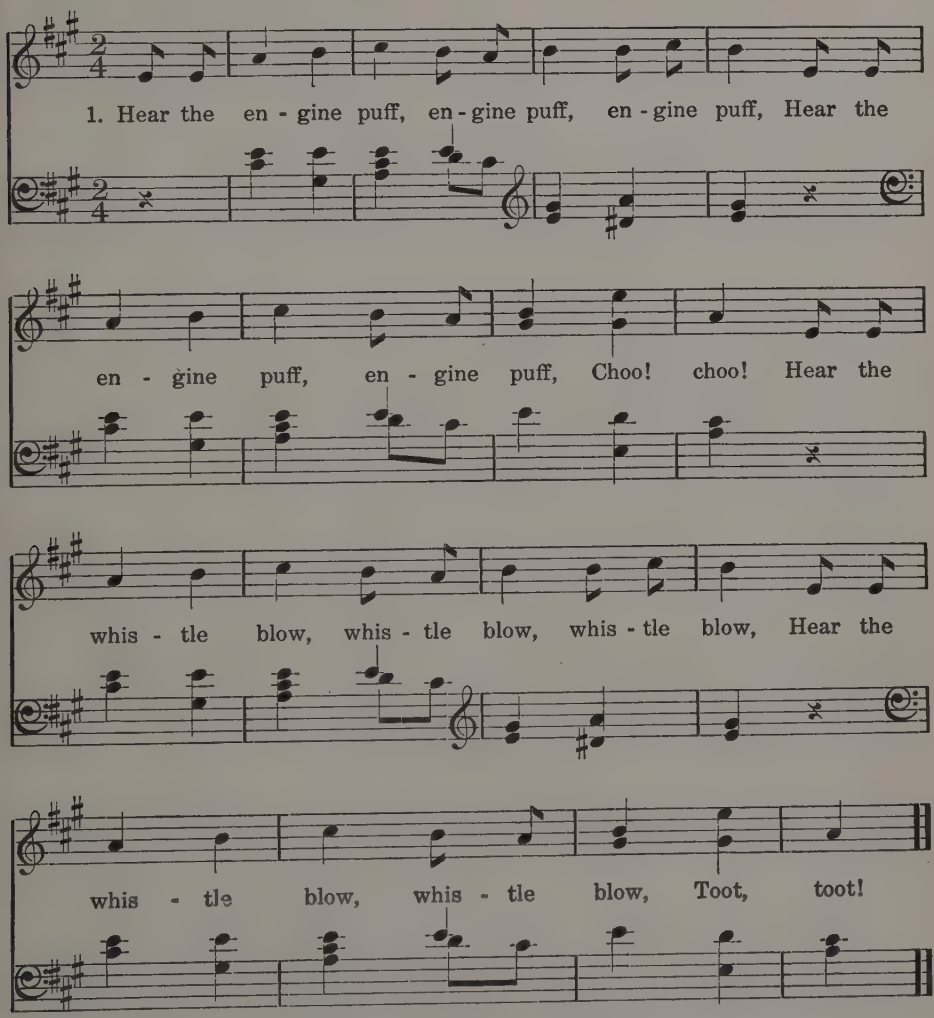
sky of blue, That floats a - mong the white clouds, Where

once the wild birds flew,..... Where on - ly wild birds flew, Most

won - der - ful of ves - sels, I'd like to sail with you.

The Engine

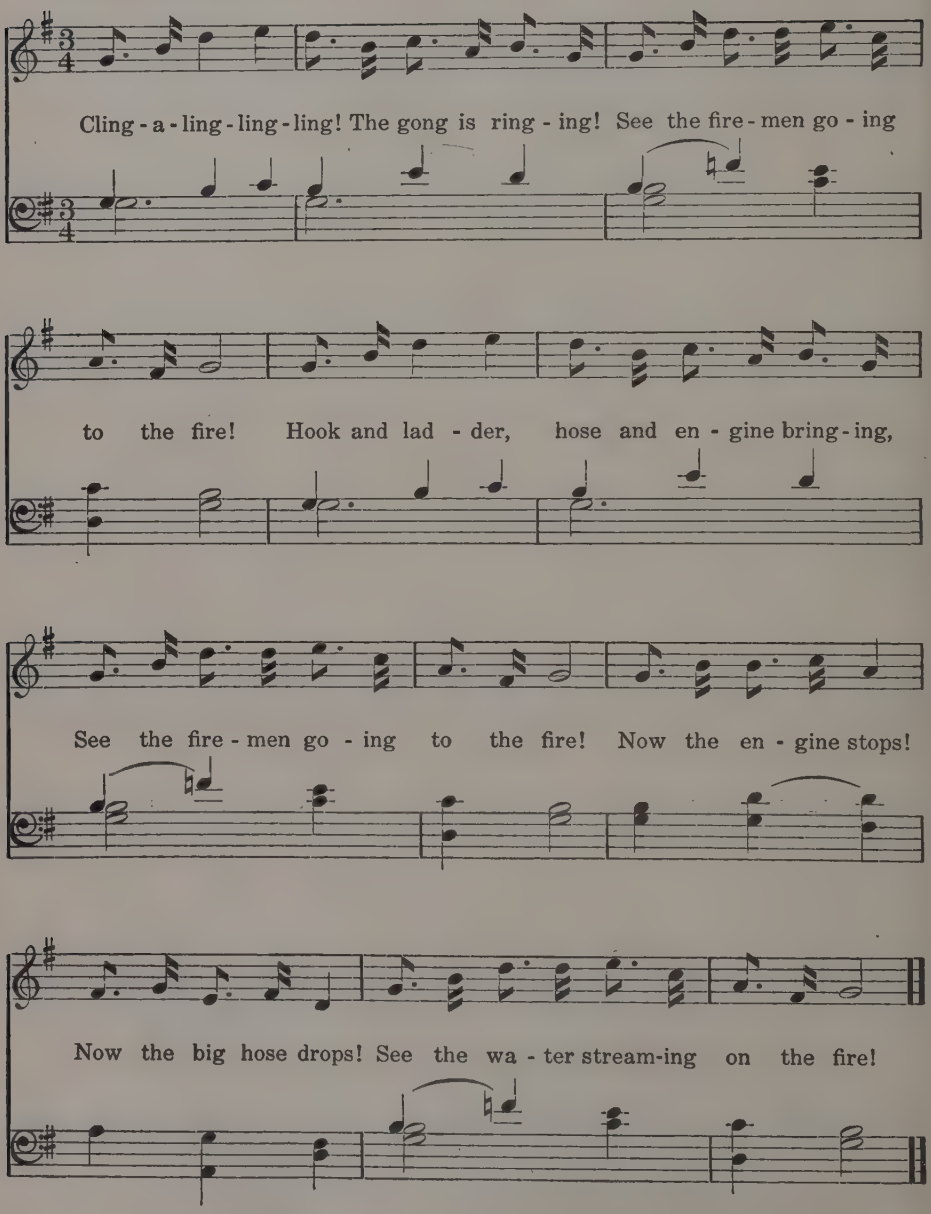
CLARA BELLE BAKER



2 Hear the big bell ring, big bell ring, big bell ring,
Hear the big bell ring, big bell ring,
Ding, dong!
Hear the brakeman shout, brakeman shout, brakeman shout,
Hear the brakeman shout, brakeman shout,
"All aboard!"

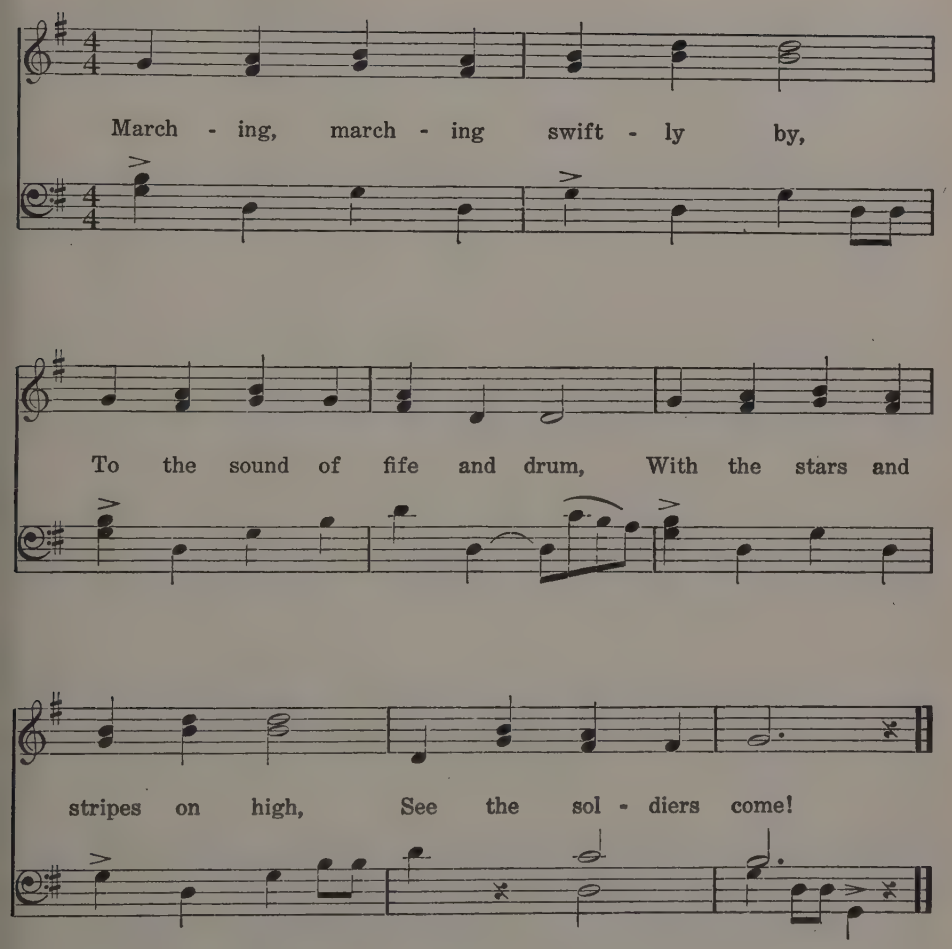
Firemen

CLARA BELLE BAKER



The Soldiers Come

CLARA BELLE BAKER



The Postman

CLARA BELLE BAKER

"O post - man, good post - man, what have you for me?" "I've a

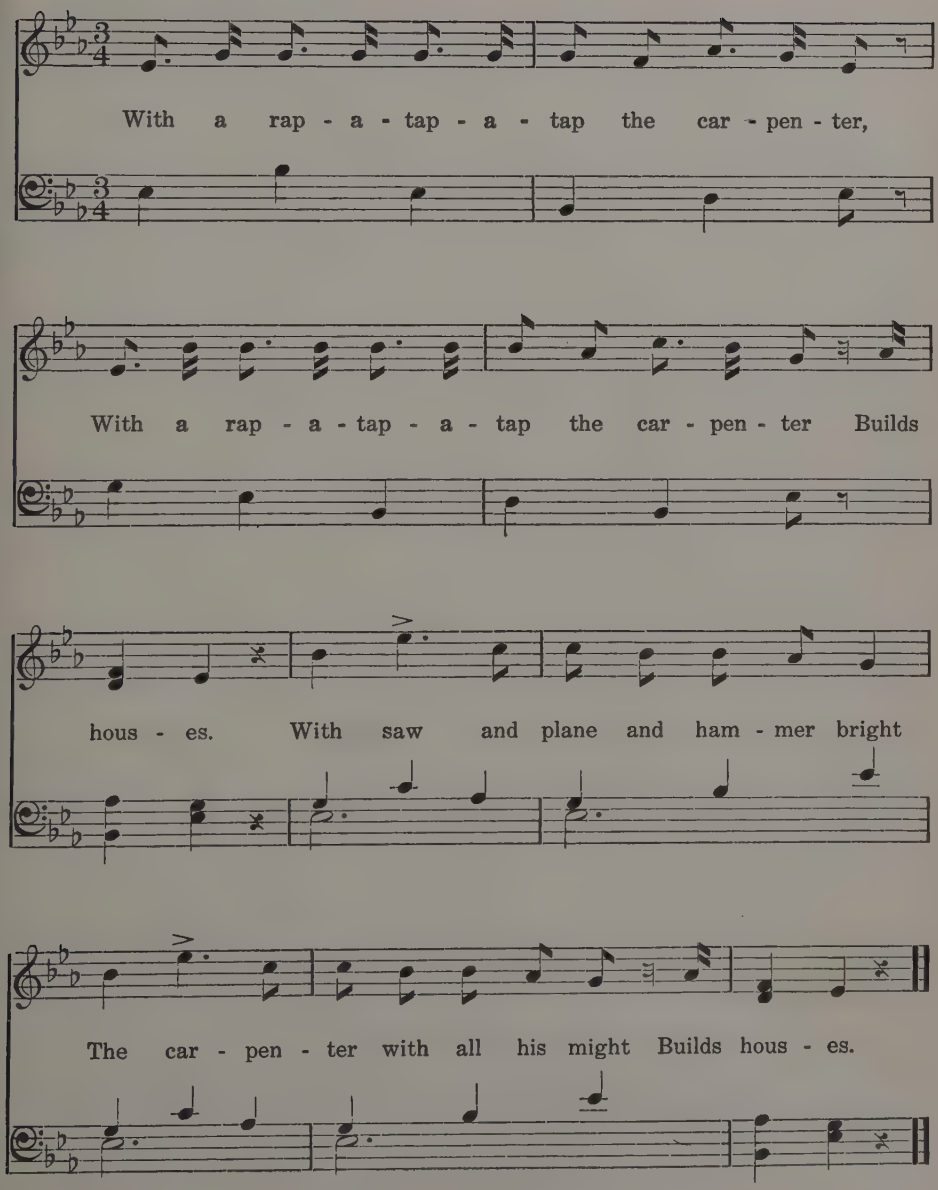
pack - age from your grand-moth - er; What can it be? I've a

pack - age from your grand - moth - er; What can it be?"

(Other names may take the place of grandmother: grandfather, father, mother, cousin, uncle, etc.)

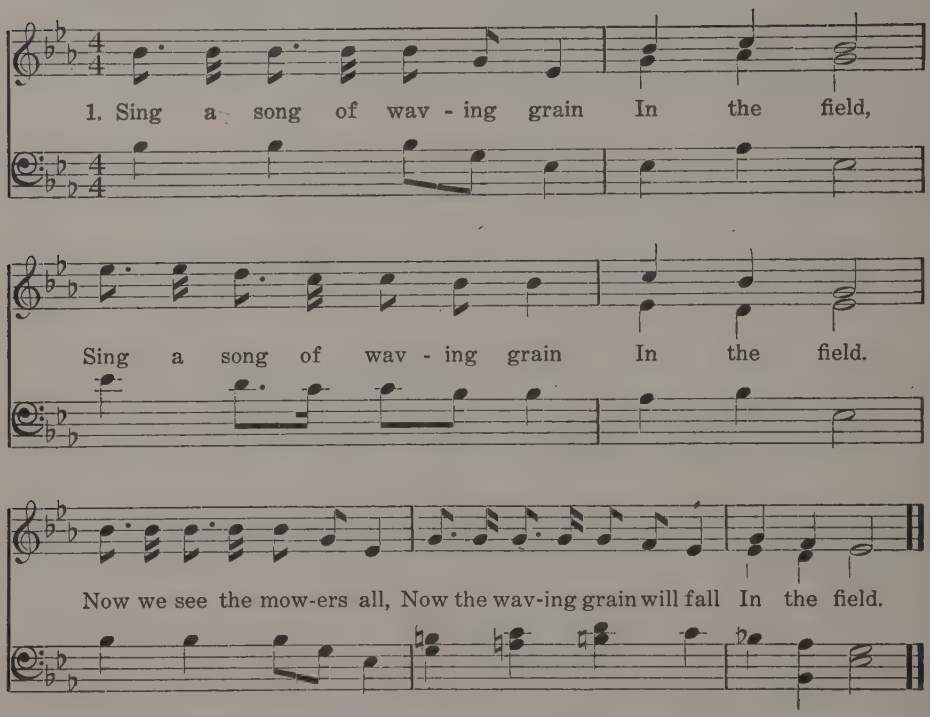
The Carpenter

CLARA BELLE BAKER



Harvest Song

CLARA BELLE BAKER

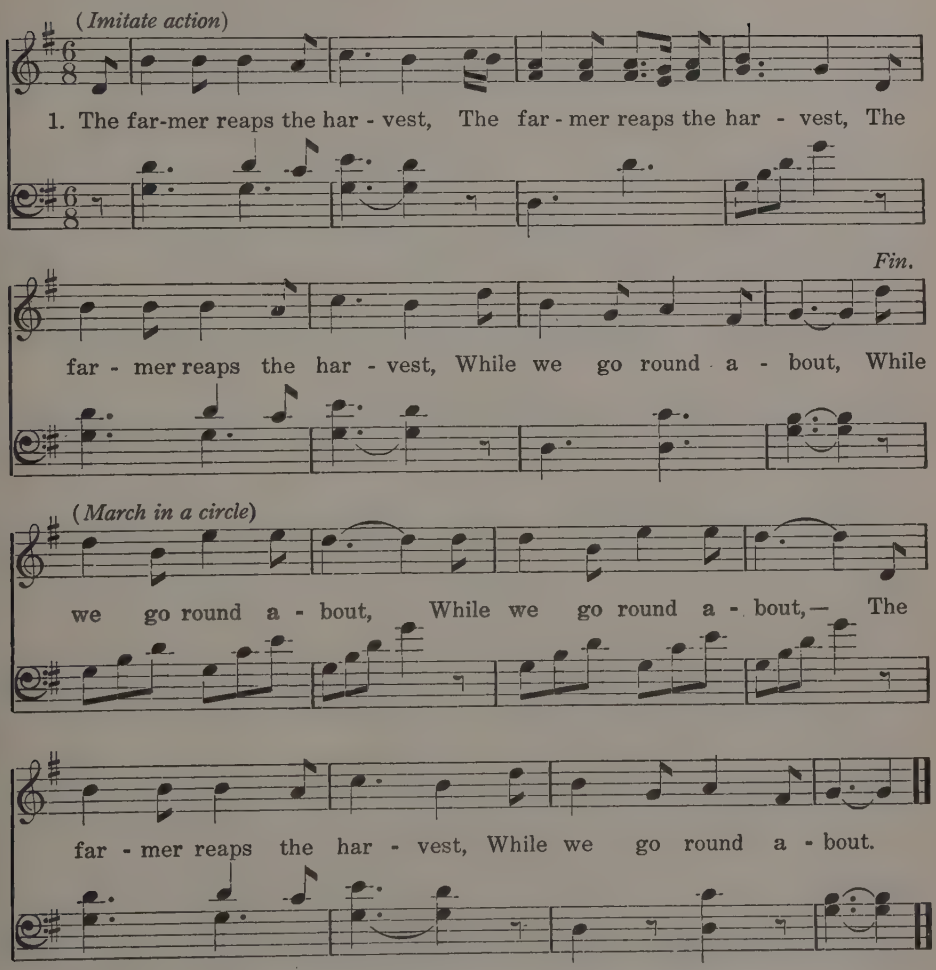


2 Sing a song of bags of wheat
In the mill,
Sing a song of bags of wheat
In the mill.
Now the whirring wheels go round,
Now the golden grain is ground
In the mill.

3 Sing a song of snowy flour
In the bin,
Sing a song of snowy flour
In the bin.
Now we cut the biscuits out,
Now the oven's piping hot;
Put them in,

Trade Song

CLARA BELLE BAKER



2 The baker bakes our biscuits.
3 The tailor makes our clothing.
4 The miner mines our silver.
5 The cobbler mends our slippers.
6 The carpenter builds our houses.
7 The blacksmith shoes our horses.
8 The postman brings us letters.

PLAY AND REST

Children Playing

(*All dance in circle*)

In the spring, in the spring, Chil-dren play-ing, chil-dren play-ing,

In the spring, in the spring, Chil-dren play-ing laugh and sing.

(*One child shows action*) (*All imitate*)

And they all do this way; Yes, they all do this way.

(*Imitate*) 1. Jumping rope 2. Flying kites 3. Bouncing balls 4. Roller skating 5. Hopscotch

Did You Ever See a Lassie?

Old Game

Did you ev - er see a las - sie, a las - sie, a las - sie, Did you

ev - er see a las - sie do this way and that? Do

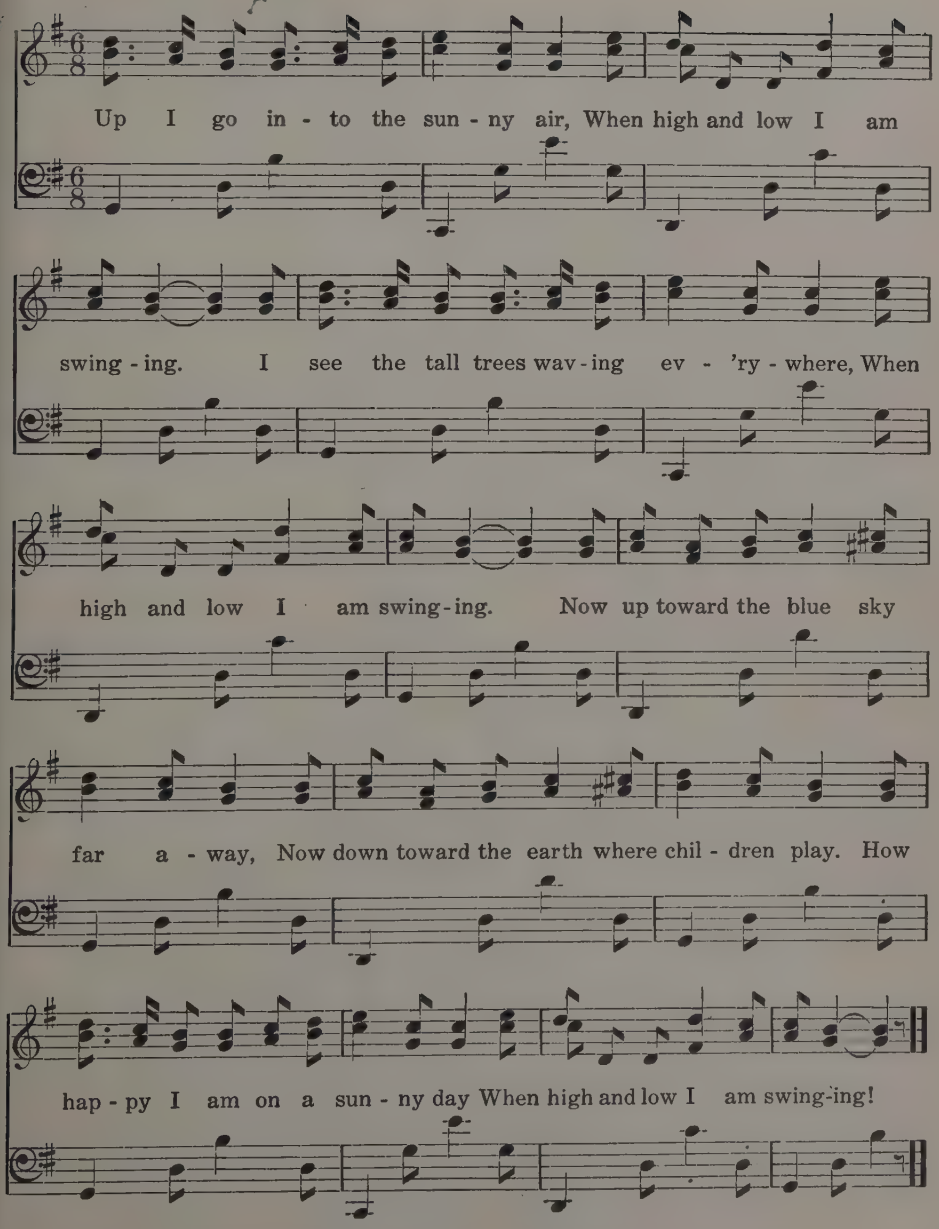
this way and that way, Do this way and that way; Did you

ev - er see a las - sie do this way and that?

NOTE.—The children stand in a ring. One child stands in the center while all sing the song. At the words, "Do this way," the child in the center shows any activity, such as hopping first on one foot, then on the other, washing clothes, etc., in rhythm to the end of the song. All the children immediately join in imitating the center child. She chooses a child to take her place and the game is repeated. When a boy is in the center "lassie" is changed to "laddie."

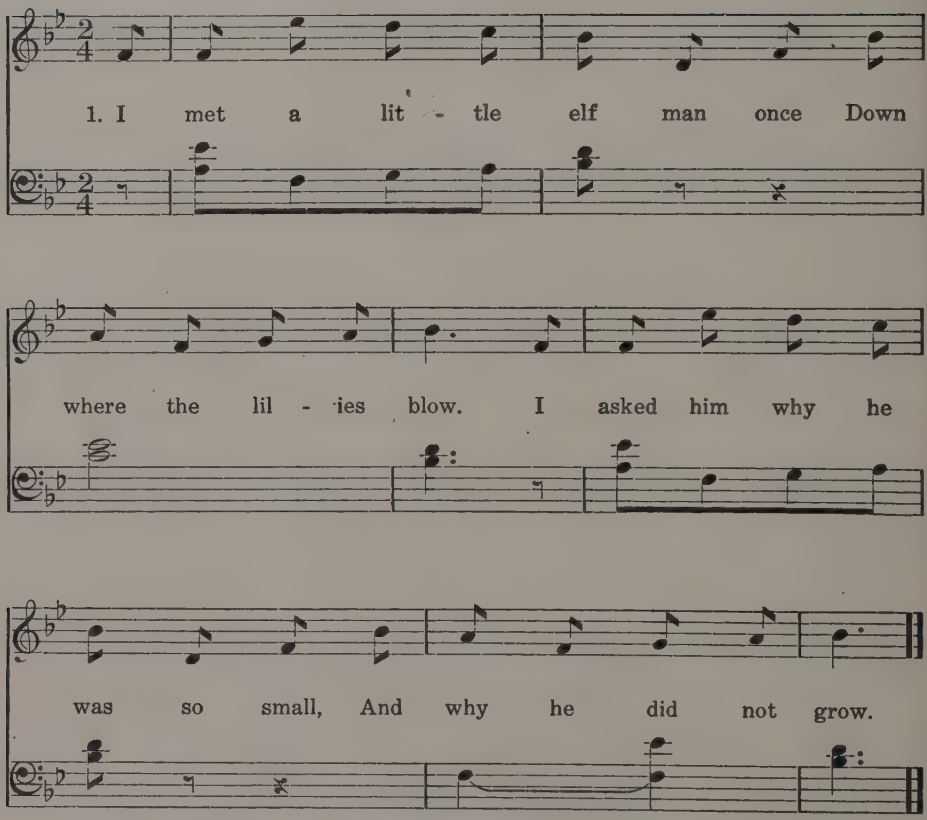
Swinging

CLARA BELLE BAKER



The Little Elf

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

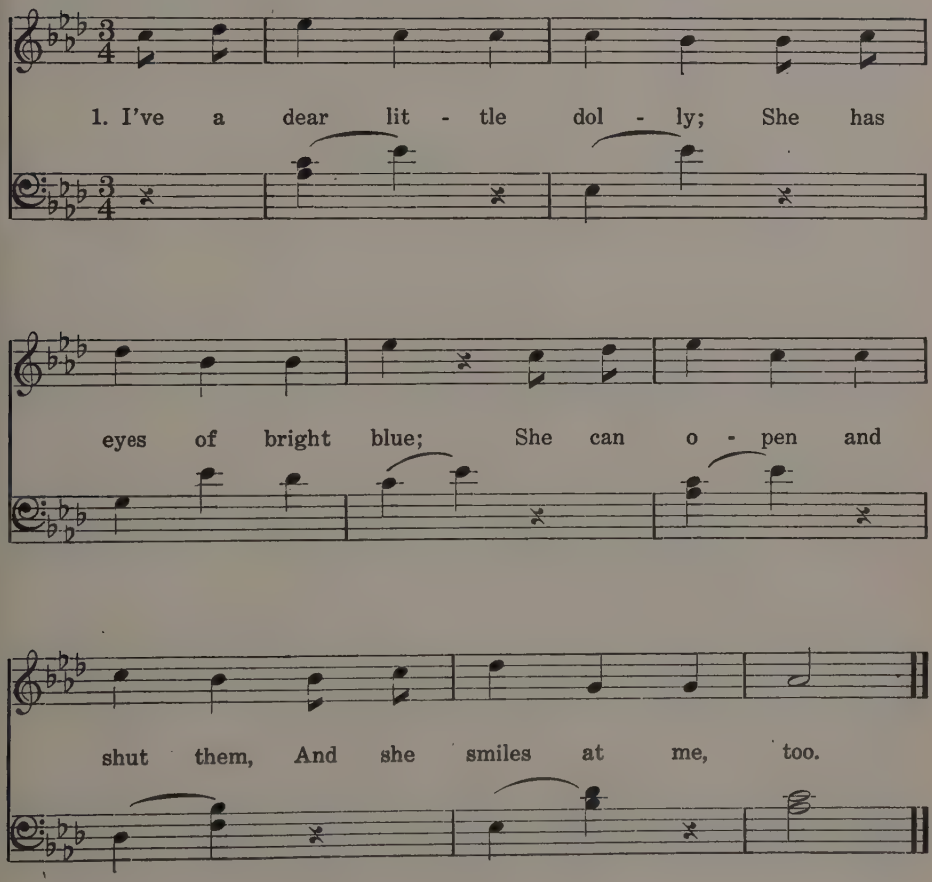


2 He slightly frowned and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you."

NOTE.—The words are reprinted by permission from the St. Nicholas Magazine.

The Dolly

CLARA BELLE BAKER



2 In the morning I dress her,
And we go out to play;
But I like best to rock her
At the close of the day.

My Baby

CLARA BELLE BAKER

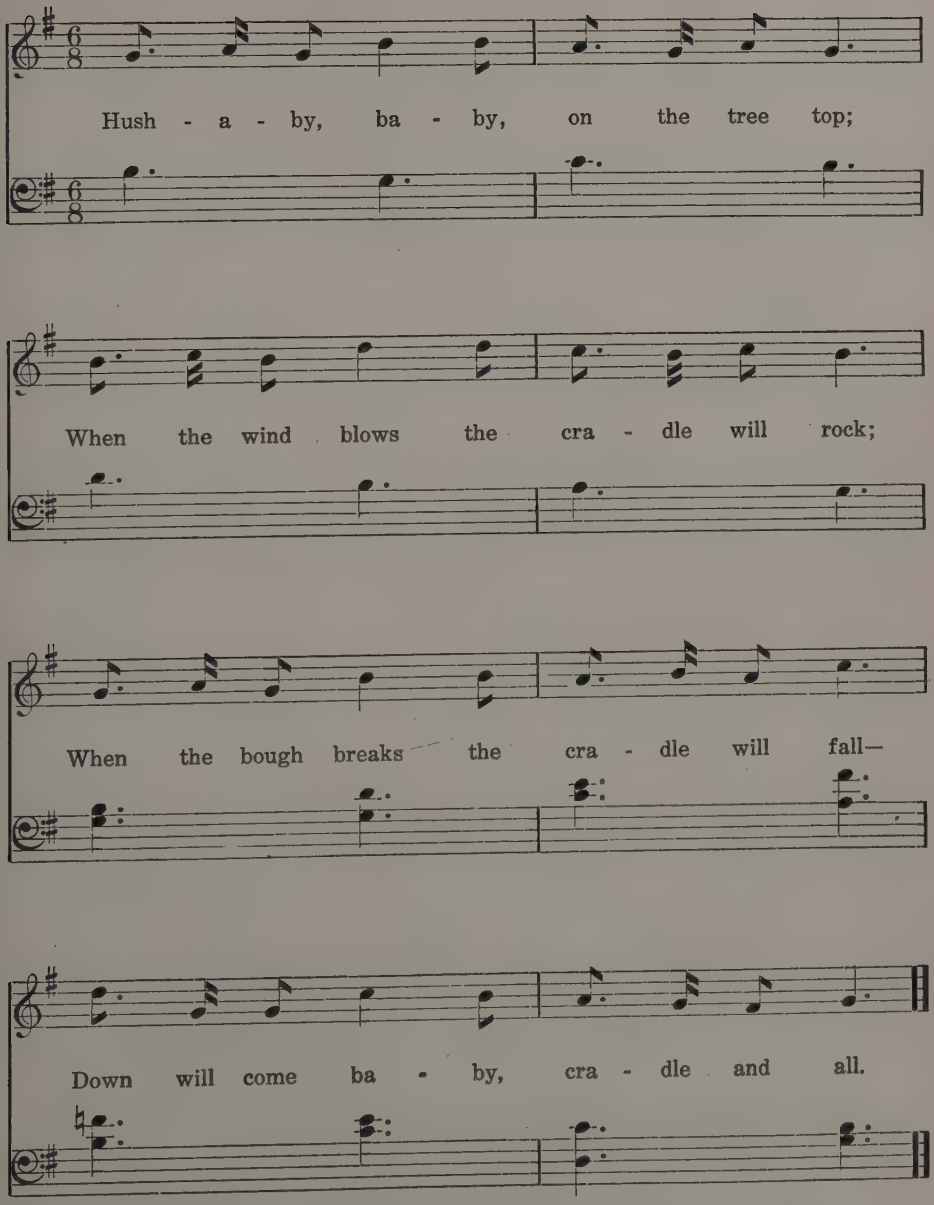
I've a cun-ning ba - by boy, And his name is My - ron Lee. He can

sleep in Moth-er's arms, And he rides on Fa - ther's knee. He can

laugh and he can crow; He can pull my hair – oh, oh! He's a

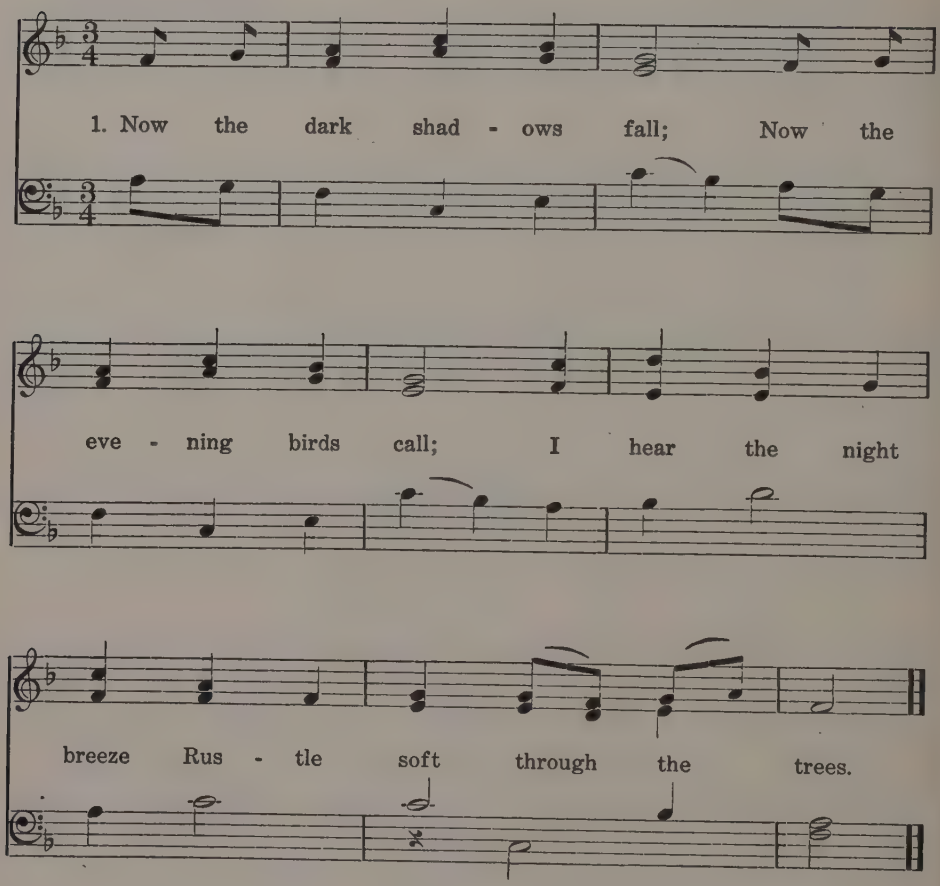
jol - ly boy, ho, ho! And he's ver - y fond of me.

Hush-a-by, Baby



Evening Song

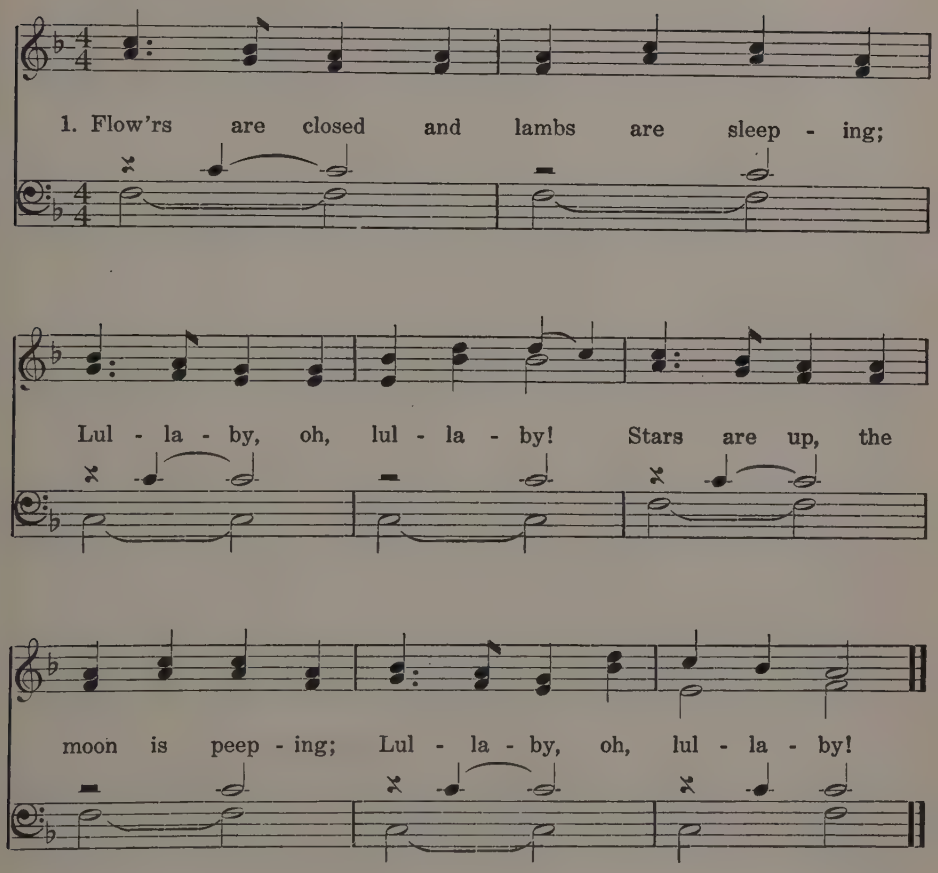
CLARA BELLE BAKER



2 In my wee bed I lie
While the moon climbs the sky.
I pray you to keep,
Dear Lord, close while I sleep.

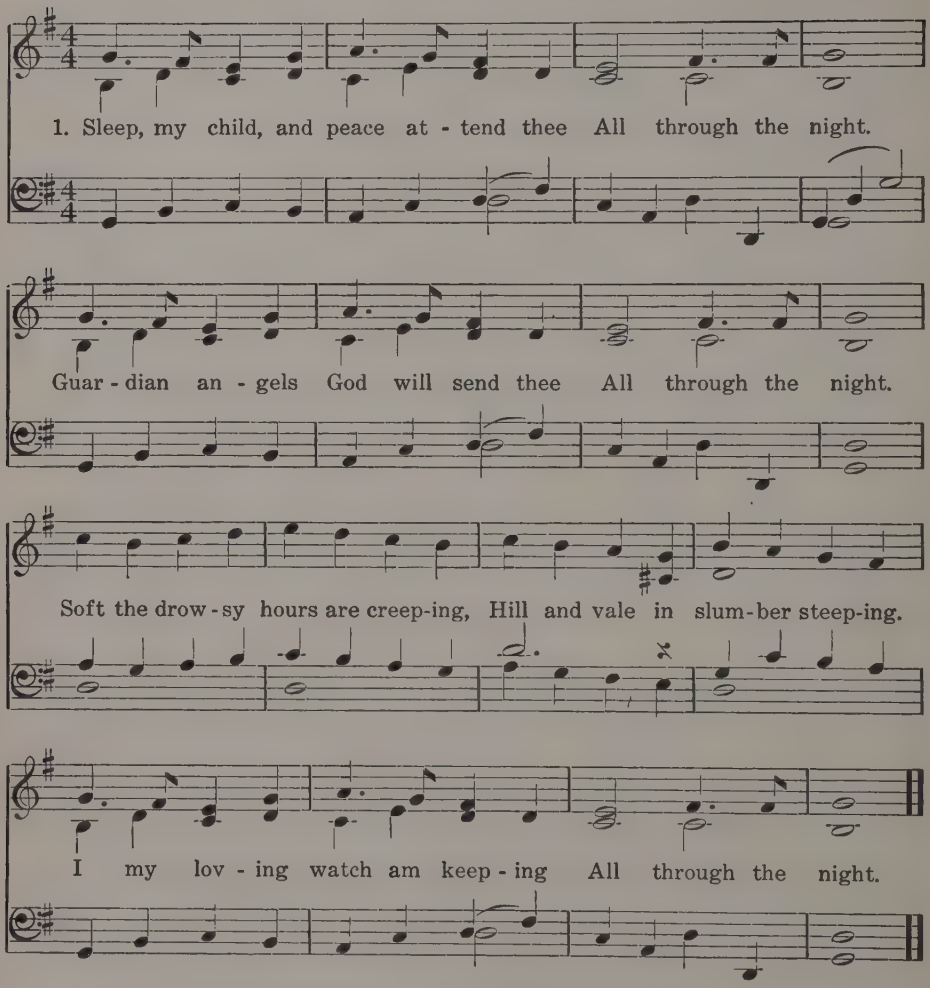
Lullaby

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI



2 While the birds are silence keeping,
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Sleep, my baby, fall a-sleeping,
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

All Through the Night



2 Mother dear is close beside thee
All through the night,
Watching that no harm betide thee
All through the night.
Through the open window streaming,
Moonlight on the floor is gleaming,
While my baby lies a-dreaming,
All through the night.

EVERY DAY AND SPECIAL DAYS

Tick-tock

CLARA BELLE BAKER

1. Up - on the stair - case land - ing, Tick - tock, tick - tock, Tick-
tock, tick - tock, Up - on the stair - case land - ing There
stands a big hall clock—Tick-tock—There stands a big hall clock.

2 We wake up in the morning,
Tick-tock, tick-tock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock,
We wake up in the morning
At sound of that big clock—
Tick-tock—
At sound of that big clock.

3 We go to kindergarten,
Tick-tock, tick-tock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock,
We go to kindergarten,
At bid of that big clock—
Tick-tock—
At bid of that big clock.

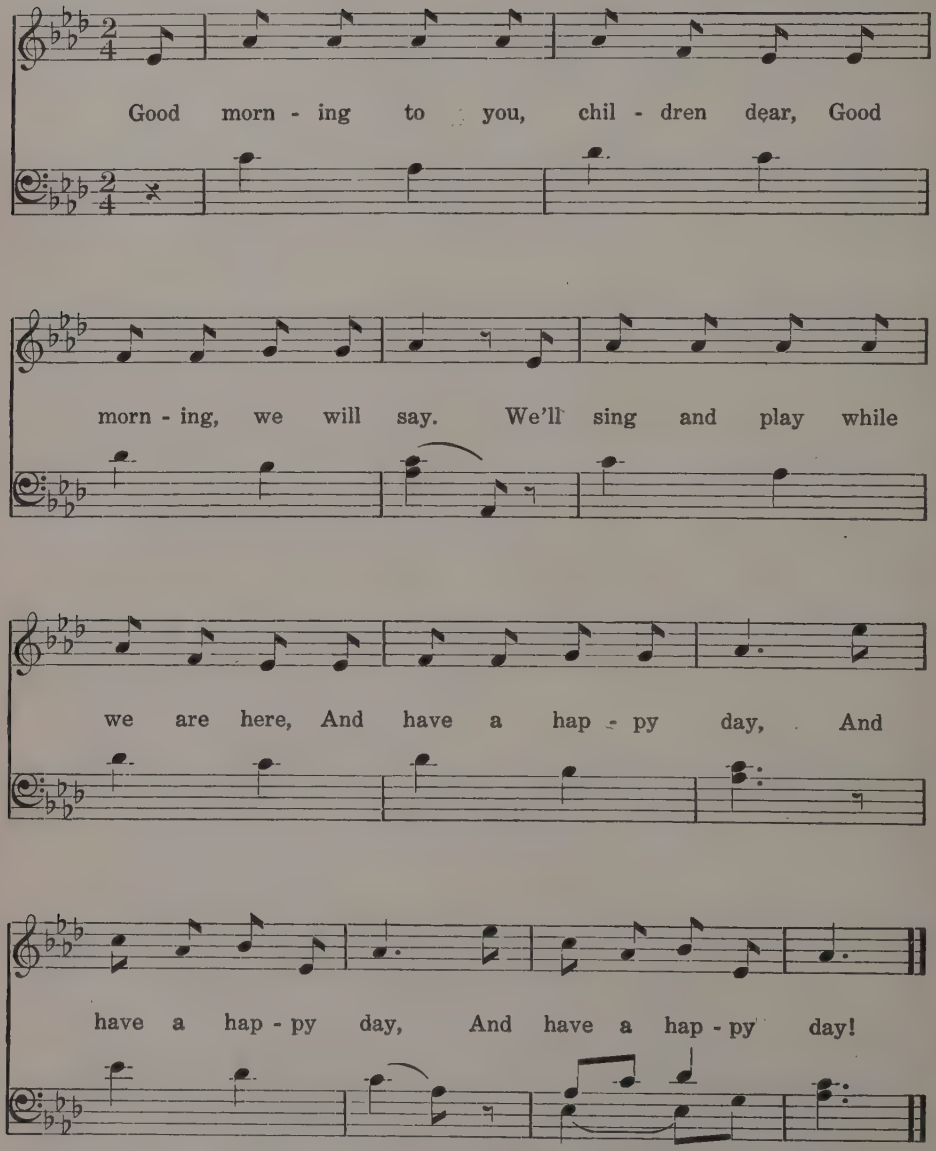
4 We come home to our dinner,
Tick-tock, tick-tock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock,
We come home to our dinner
At call of that big clock—
Tick-tock—
At call of that big clock.

(*Very softly*)

5 At night we go to dreamland,
Tick-tock, tick-tock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock,
At night we go to dreamland
By croon of that big clock—
Tick-tock—
By croon of that big clock.

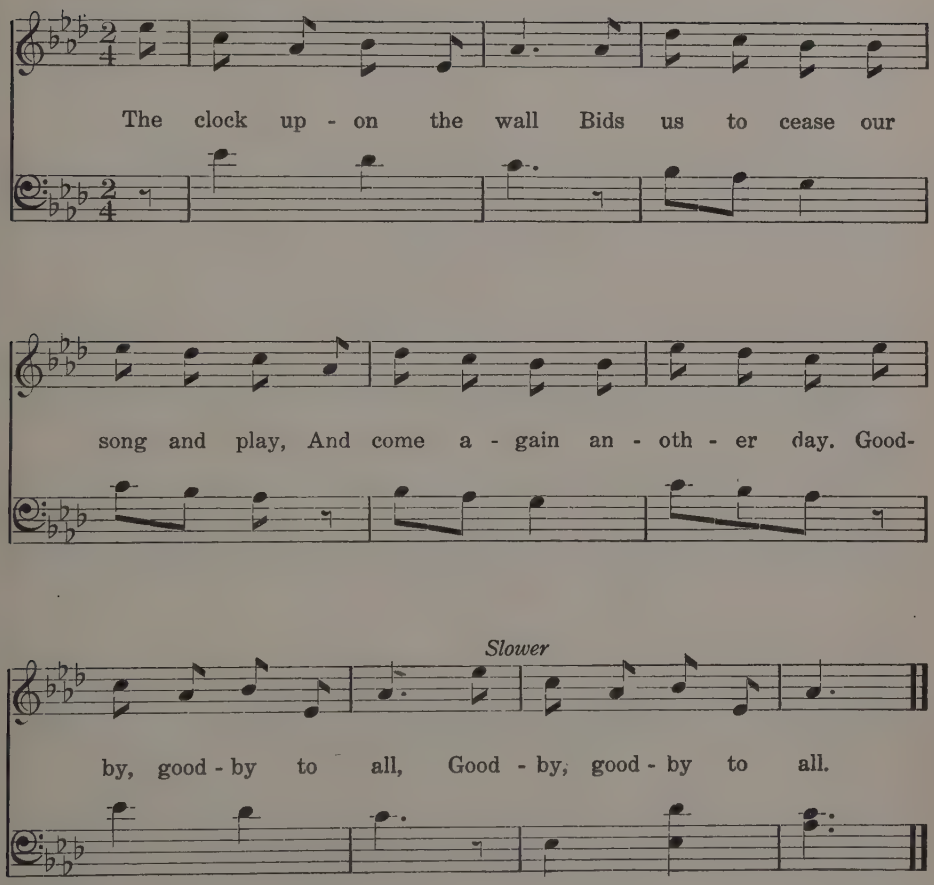
Good Morning

Clara Belle Baker



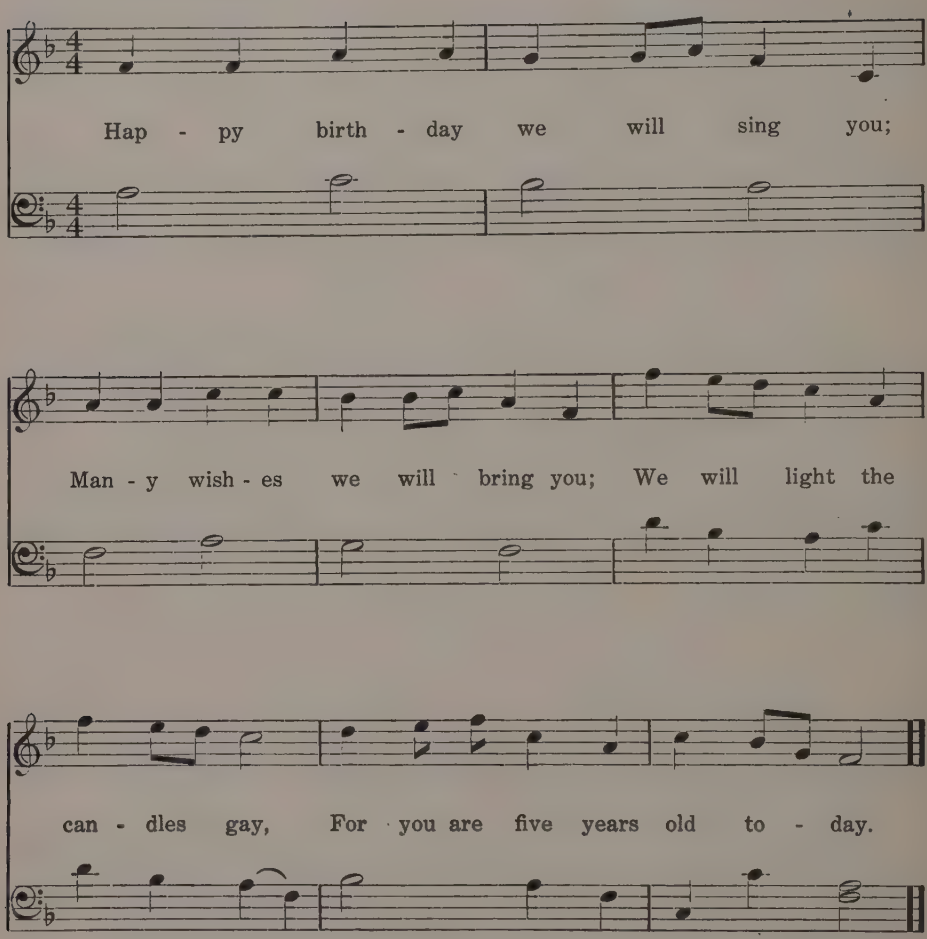
Good-by

Clara Belle Baker



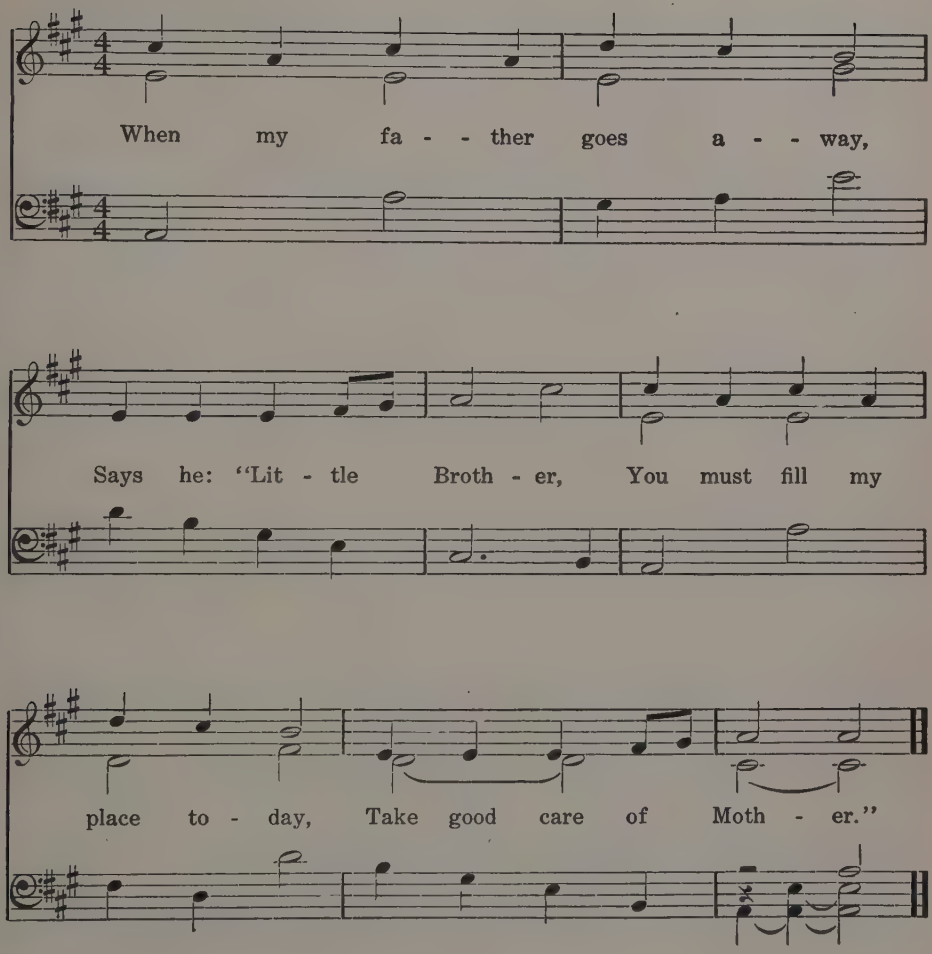
Birthday Candles

CLARA BELLE BAKER



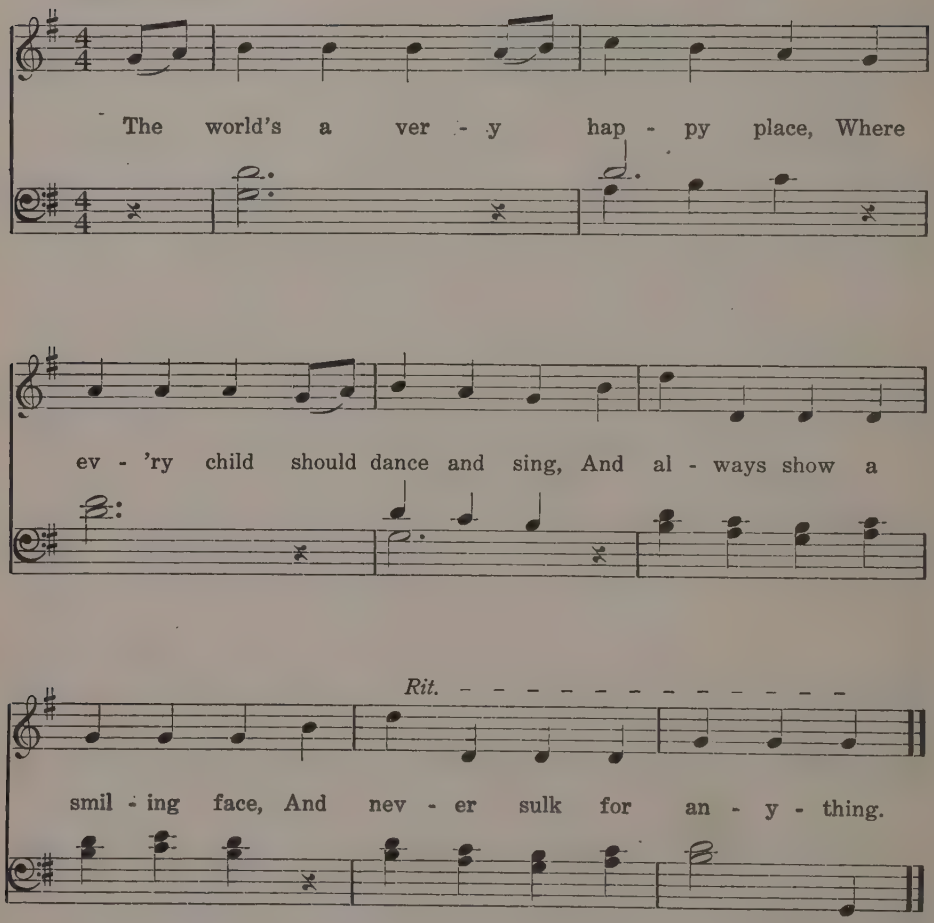
When My Father Goes Away

BERTHA RHODES



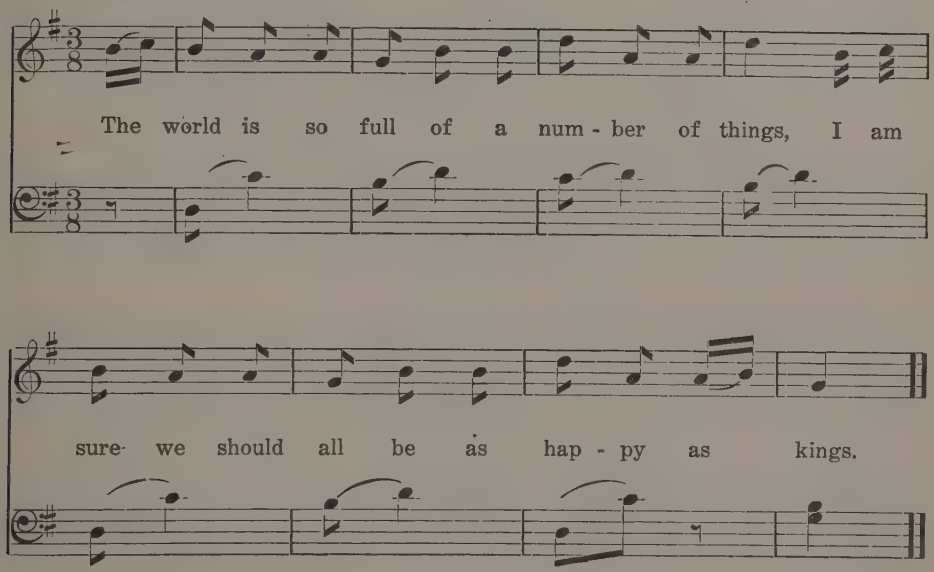
The World's a Very Happy Place

GABRIEL SETOUN



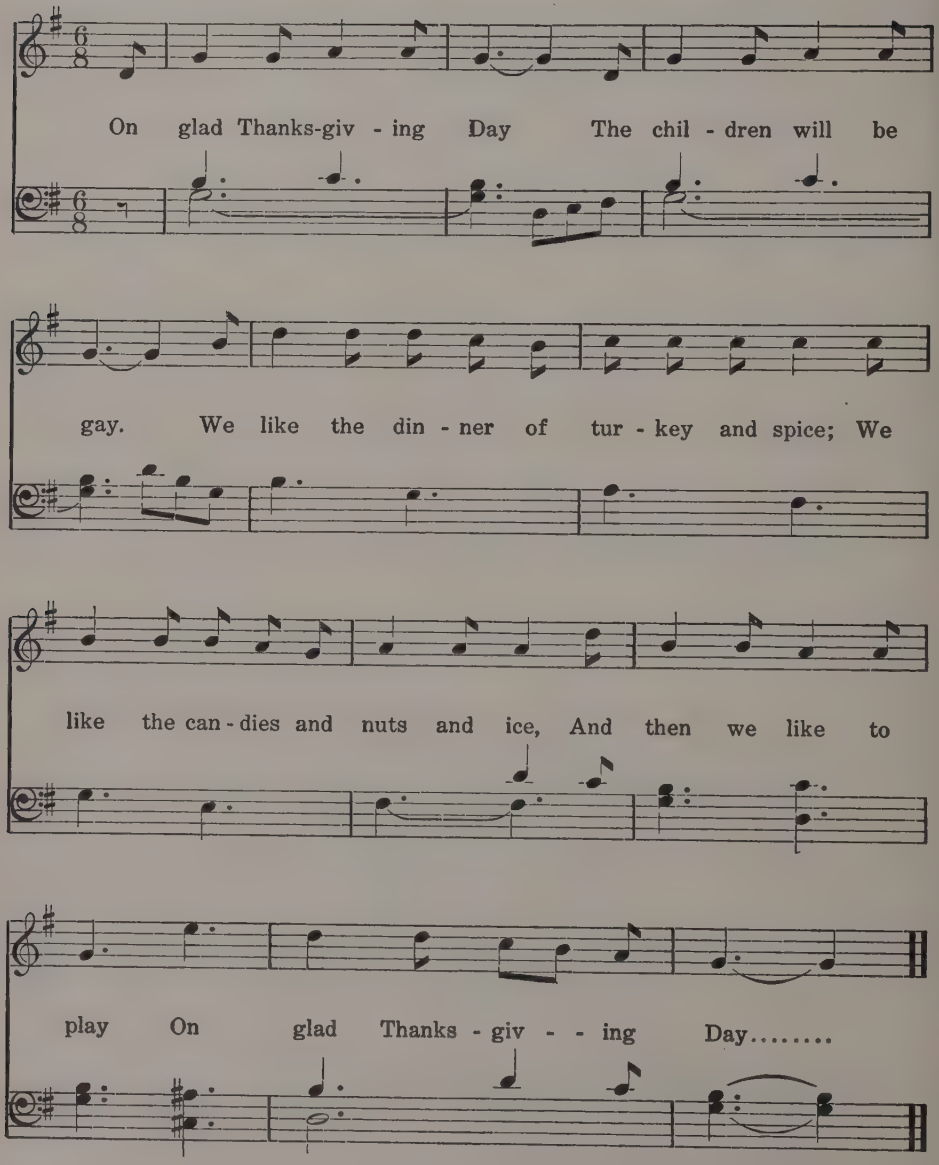
Happy Thought

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



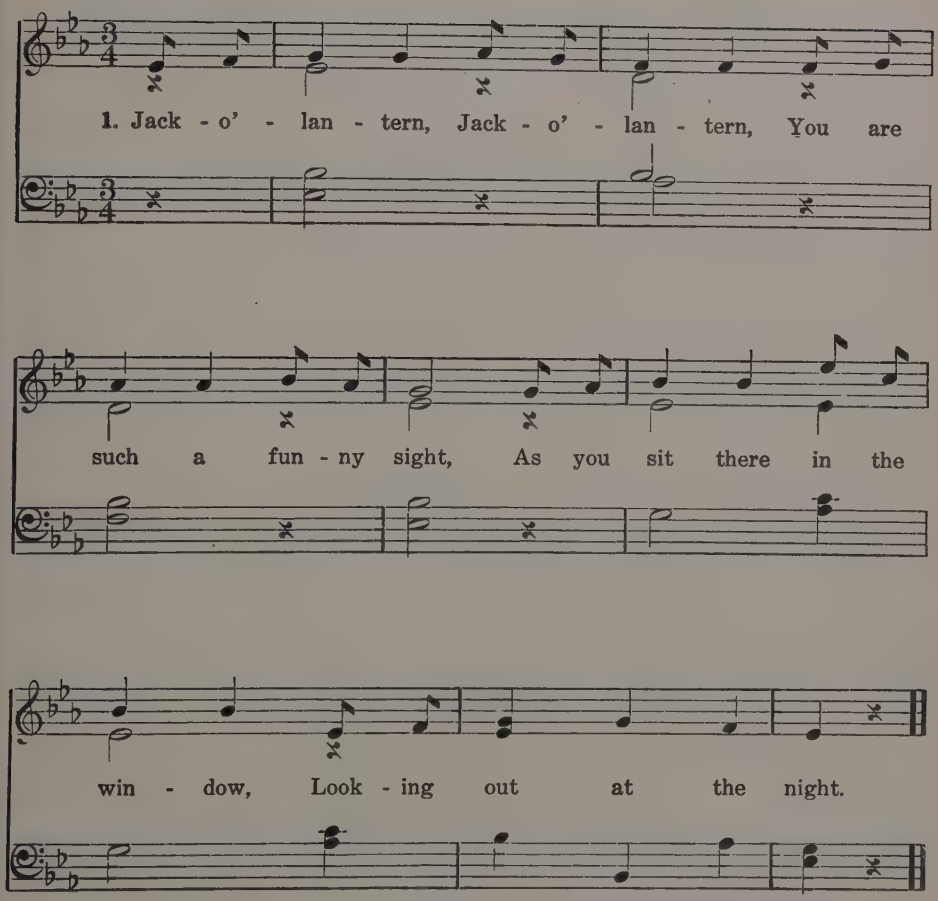
Glad Thanksgiving Day

CLARA BELLE BAKER



The Jack-o'-Lantern

LOIS HOLT



2 You were once a yellow pumpkin,
Growing on a sturdy vine;
Now you are a Jack-o'-lantern—
See the candle-light shine!

Valentines

Clara Belle Baker

When days of Feb - ru - a - ry come I know what we will

do: We'll make some pret - ty val - en - tines of pa - per red and

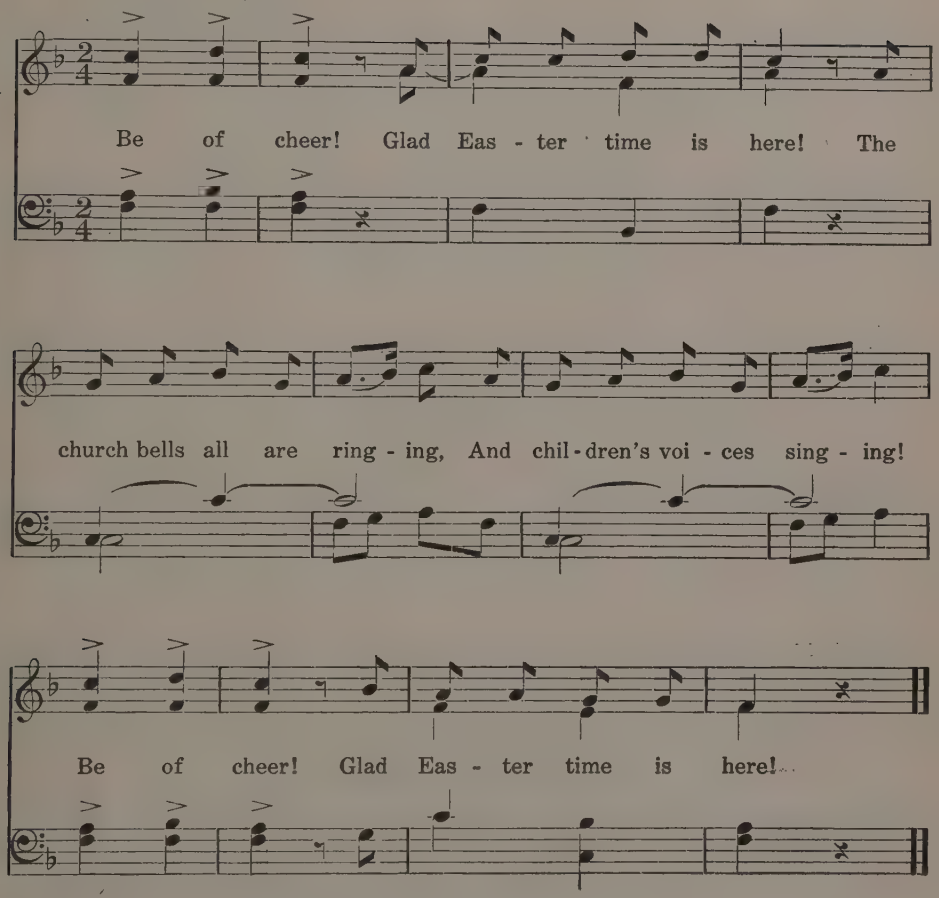
blue. Val - en - tines, val - en-tines, oh! they tell that I love you. Val - en-

tines, val - en - tines, oh! they tell that you love me. When

days of Feb - ru - a - ry come then val - en - tines we see.

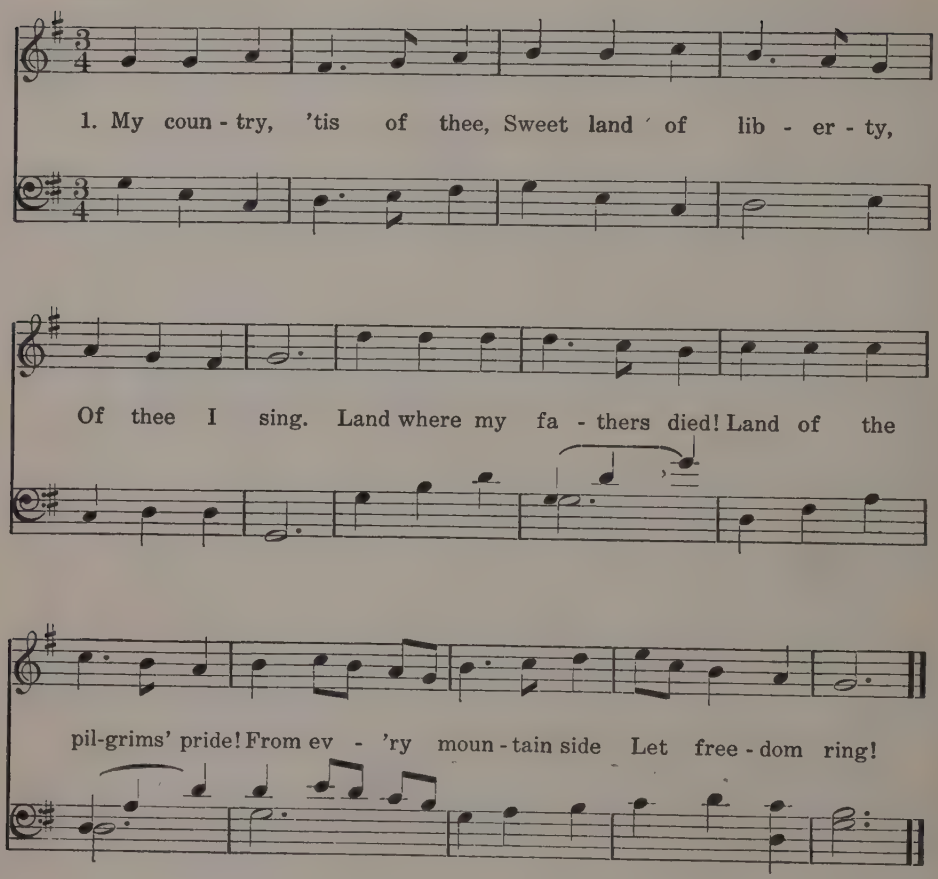
Glad Easter Is Here

CLARA BELLE BAKER



America

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

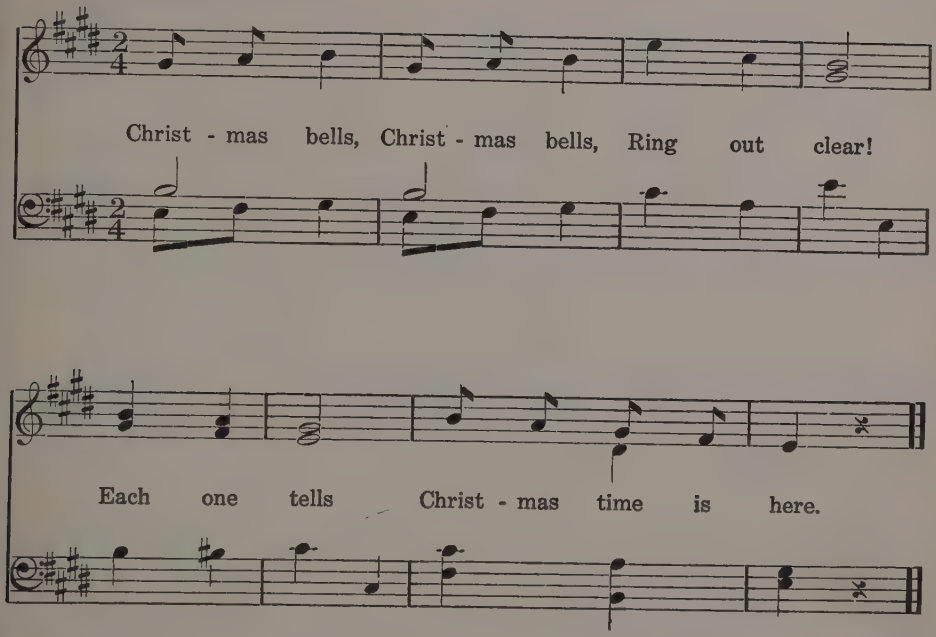


2 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

NOTE.—This simplified harmonization of America is offered for the use of the child at the piano. For group singing the familiar four-part harmonization is everywhere available.

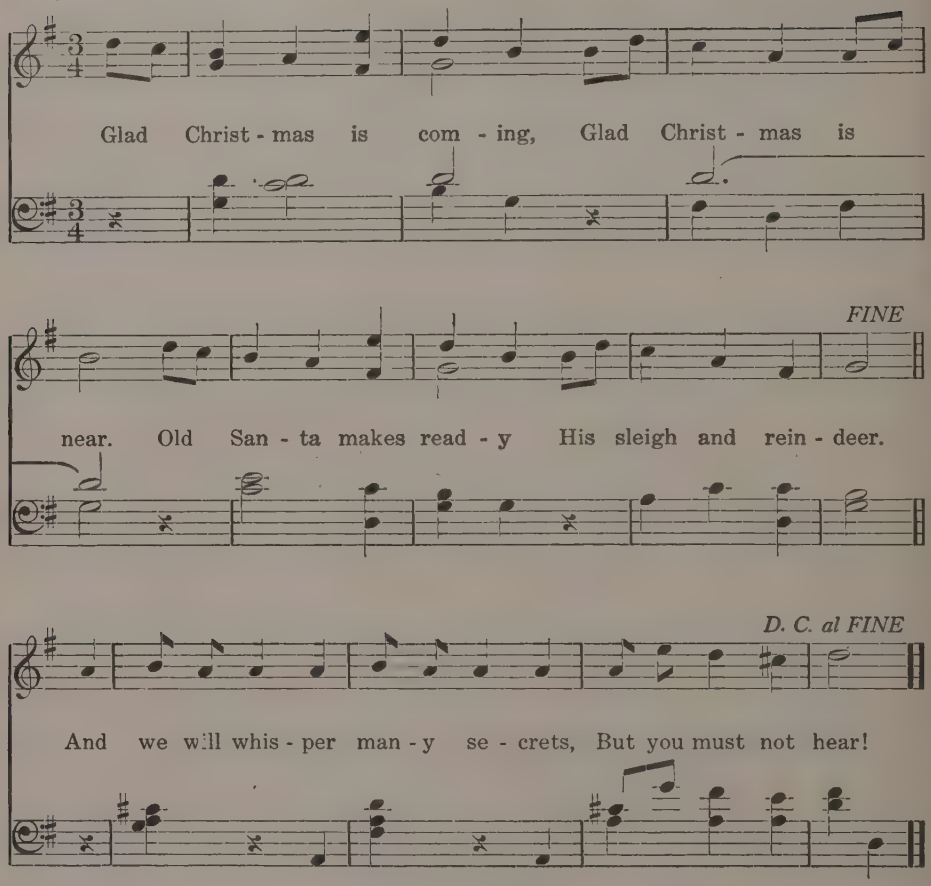
Christmas Bells

CLARA BELLE BAKER



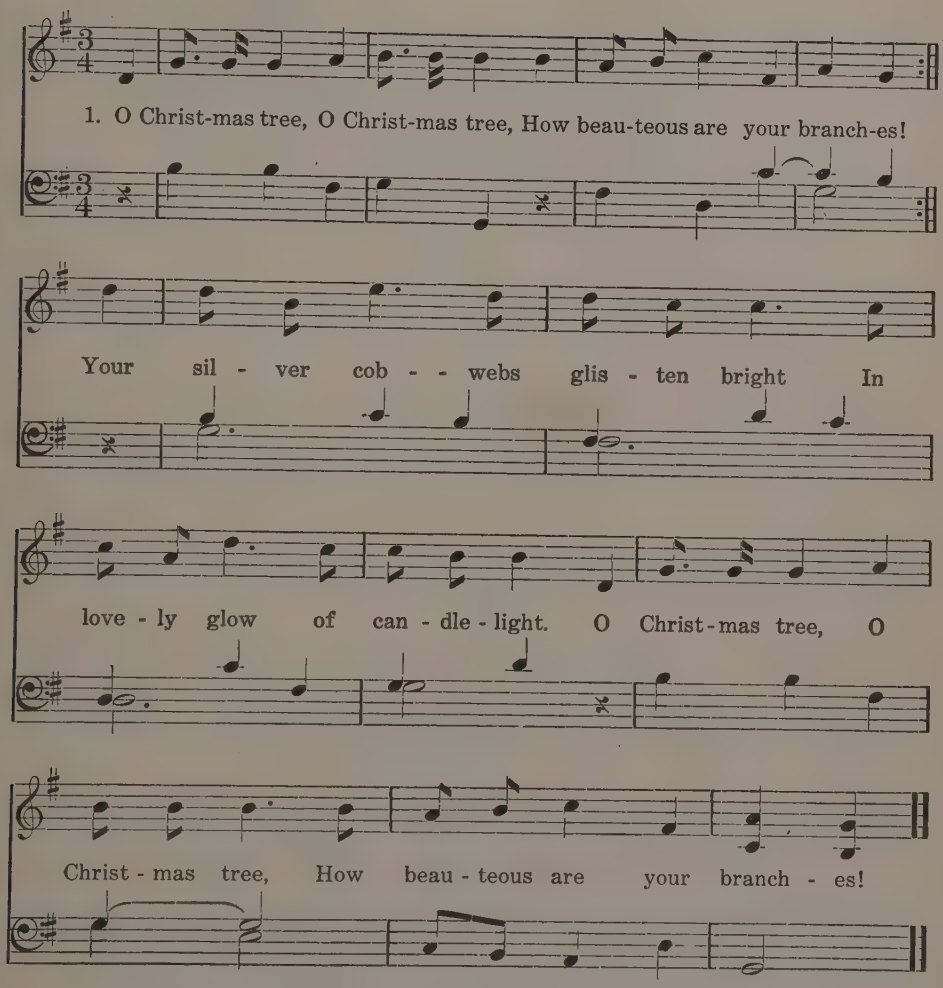
Christmas Is Coming

CLARA BELLE BAKER



Christmas Tree

CLARA BELLE BAKER



2 O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
How laden are your branches!
High at your top a radiant star
Bids all to come where wonders are.
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
How laden are your branches!

THE CHILD'S WORSHIP

Silent Night

FRANZ GRÜBER

1. Si - - lent night, ho - ly night, All is calm,

all is bright Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and Child,

Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and mild; Sleep in heav - en - ly

peace,..... Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.....

2 Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight;
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia;
Christ the Saviour is born,
Christ the Saviour is born.

There Came a Child From Heaven

MARTIN LUTHER

There came a Child from heav'n a - bove, To

bring us words of joy and love. A

bless - ed mes - sage he did bring, Of

which to - - day we speak and sing.

Away in a Manger

MARTIN LUTHER

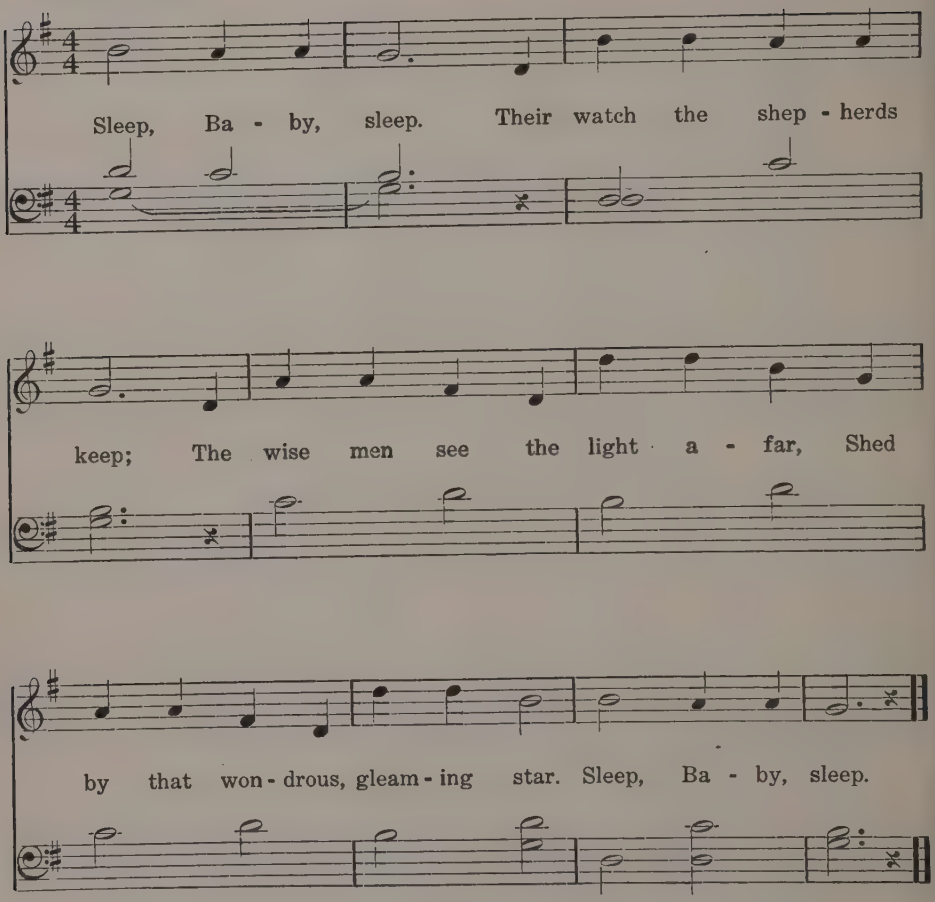
MARTIN LUTHER

1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for his bed, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus Lay down his sweet head. The stars in the heav - ens Looked down where he lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.

2 The cattle are lowing;
The baby awakes;
But little Lord Jesus,
No crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus;
Look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle
Till morning is nigh.

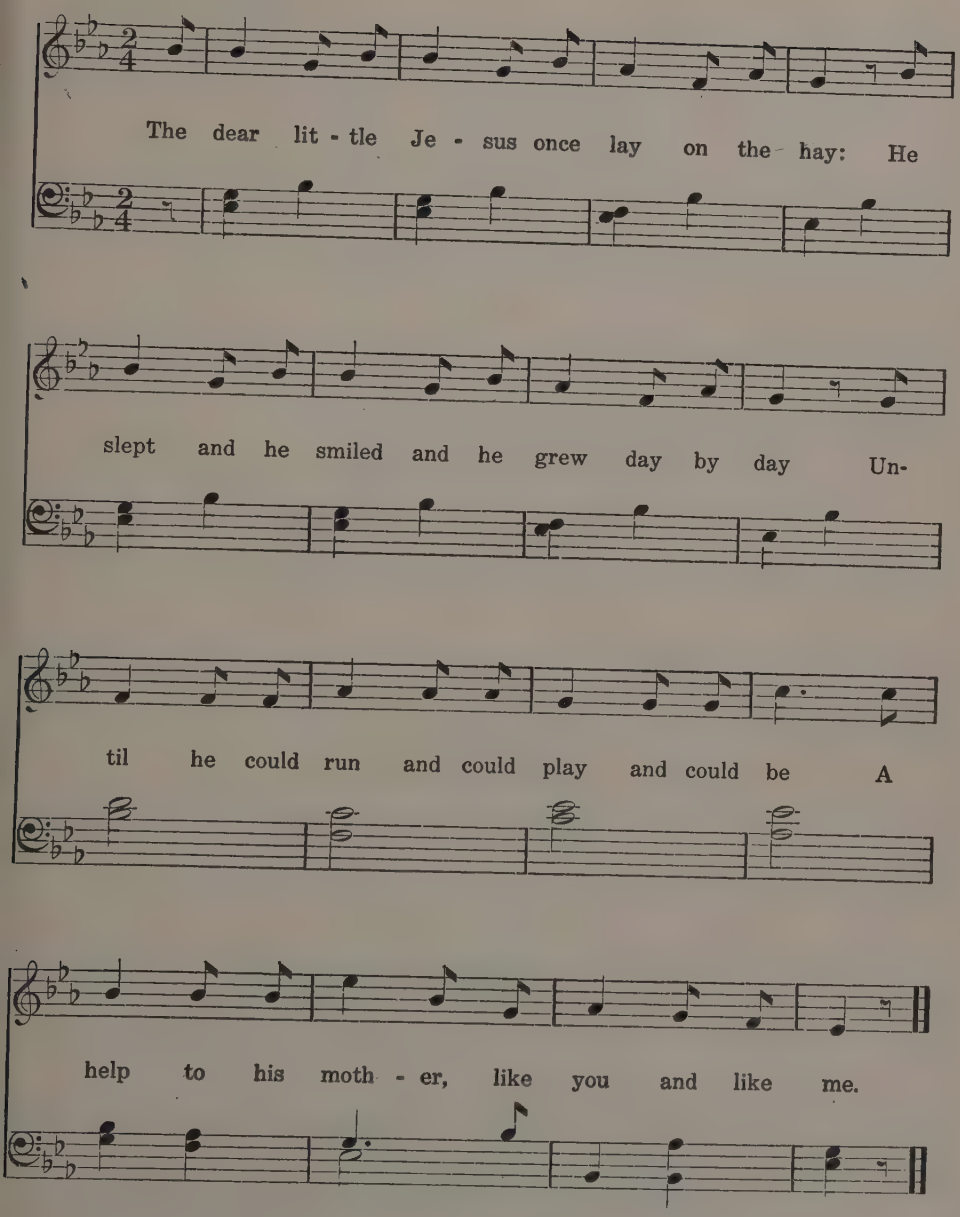
A Christmas Lullaby

JESSIE WINTER



The Child Jesus

EDNA DEAN BAKER



Jesus and the Children

CLARA BELLE BAKER

When Je-sus was on earth with men, He called the lit - tle chil-dren; The

moth-ers heard and glad - ly then They brought the lit - tle chil-dren. He

took them in his arms of love And told a - bout the

Rit.

God a - bove, Who cares for lit - tle chil - dren.

All Things Bright and Beautiful

CECIL F. ALEXANDER

1. All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea - tures great and small, All things wise and won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all.

2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

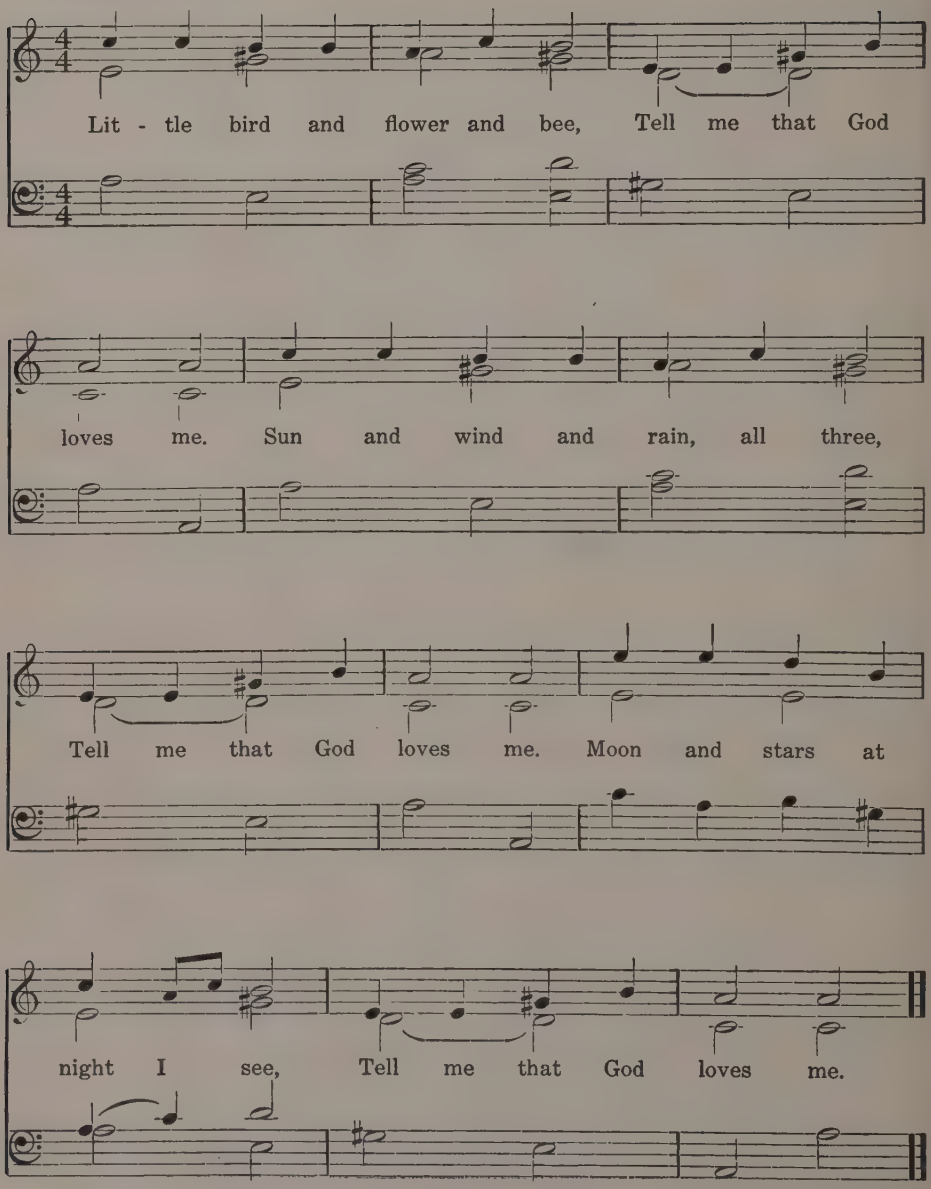
3 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

4 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty
Who has made all things well.

*Small notes for verses 2, 3 and 4.

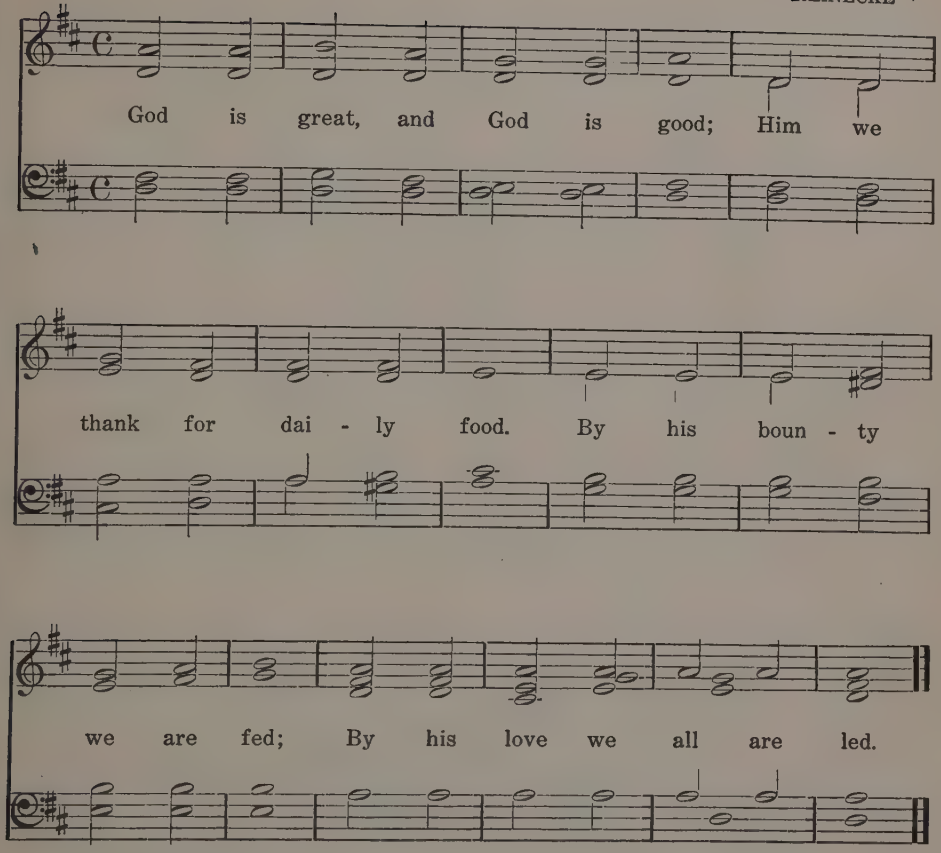
God Loves Me

EDNA DEAN BAKER



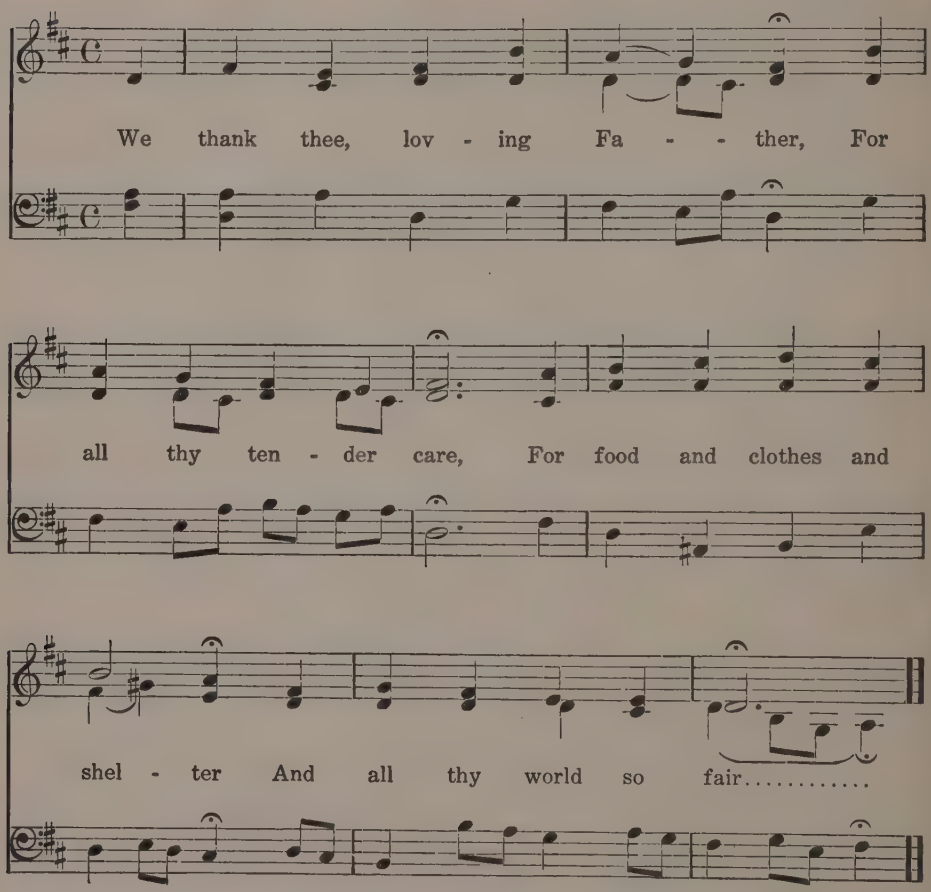
God is Good

REINECKE



We Thank Thee, Loving Father

H. German



Thanks To Our Father

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

From HAYDN

Thanks to our Fa - ther we..... will bring,...

For he gives us ev - - 'ry - - thing.

Evening Prayer

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN (Adapted)

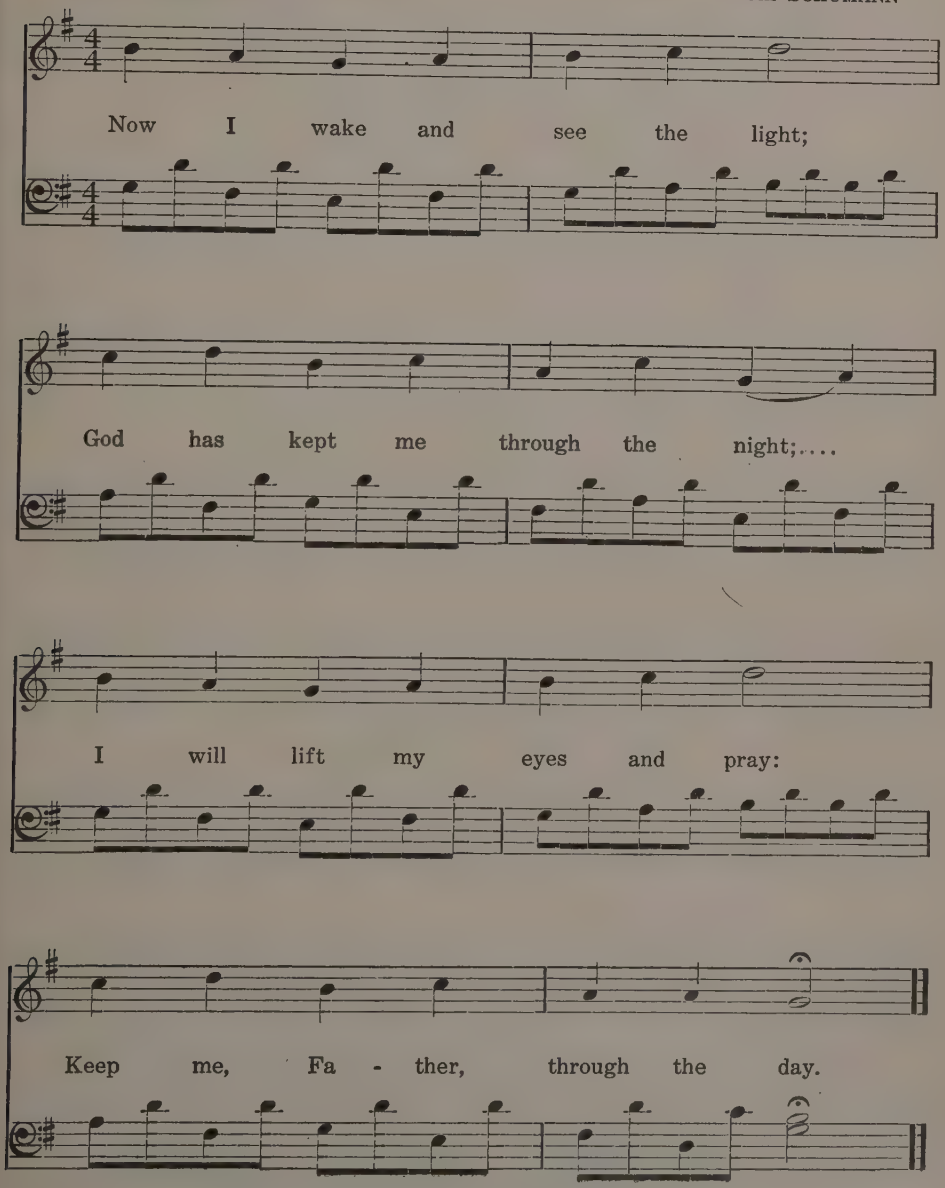
1. Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, wilt thou hear me?
Bless thy lit - - tle child to - night;
Through the dark - ness be thou near me;
Keep me safe till morn - ing light.

2 All this day thy hand has led me;
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

Now I Wake

New England Primer (Adapted)

From SCHUMANN



Praise Him

CLARA BELLE BAKER

For rain and sun - shine and flow - ers bright and fair,

Fa - ther and moth - er who give us lov - ing care,

Praise him, praise him, praise him, our God.

Sing, lit - tle chil - dren, oh! sing ev - 'ry - where.

Date Due

~~May 3 '39~~			
Dec10 '45			
Dec21 '45			
~~May20 '51~~			

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